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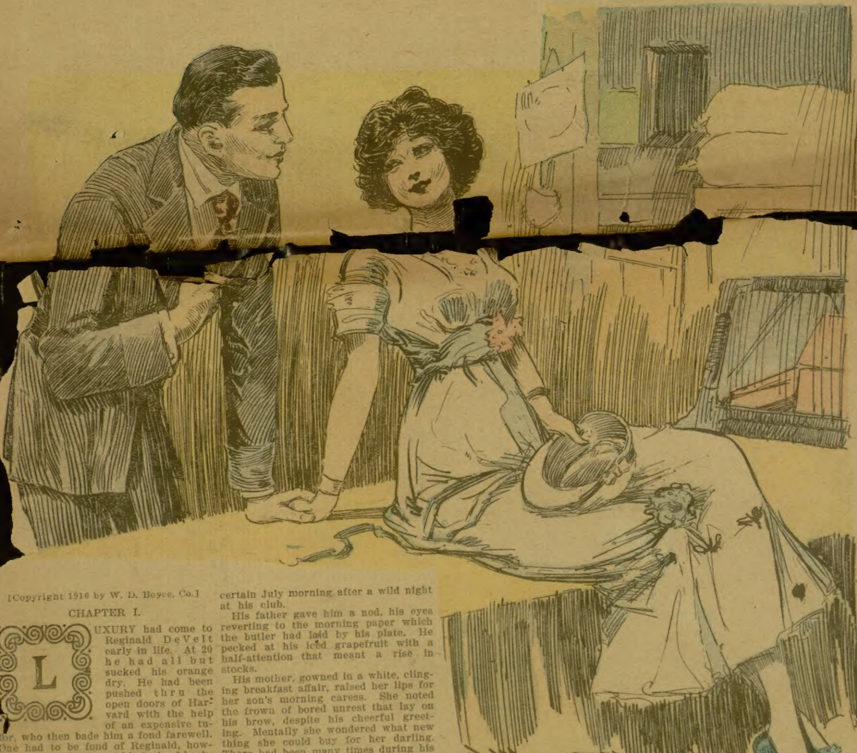
Scorched Girl-Moths

:-: Or, :-:

Charmed by the Prince of Hearts

By B. S. Saunier



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CHAPTER I.

LUXURY had come to Reginald DeVelt early in life. At 20 he had all but sucked his orange dry. He had been pushed thru the open doors of Harvard with the help of an expensive tutor, who then bade him a fond farewell. One had to be fond of Reginald, however one might regret his lack of backbone.

He resembled both parents. He had the bright coloring of his beautiful mother, and he bore a weak likeness to the virility and enterprise of his magnate father. With all the indulgence and petting that the boy had received from birth, his father often wondered if he could by any chance escape being worthless. Yet he vied with his wife in indulging "son." They doted on him, idolized him, spoiled him.

"The top of the morning, to begin with," was Reginald's greeting on a certain July morning after a wild night at his club.

His father gave him a nod, his eyes reverting to the morning paper which the butler had laid by his plate. He pecked at his iced grapefruit with a half-attention that meant a rise in stocks.

His mother, gowned in a white, clinging breakfast affair, raised her lips for her son's morning caress. She noted the frown of bored unrest that lay on his brow, despite his cheerful greeting. Mentally she wondered what new thing she could buy for her darling. There had been many times during his nursery and growing up days that she had asked herself the same question. She knew that when expensive toys palled on him nothing short of despair reigned in the house.

Once, at such a crisis, a pet deer had been hoisted to his private playgrounds that were landscaped upon the roof of the big Fifth avenue mansion. This had amused him for some time. But the deer died longing for green pastures. It had no successor. That was six years ago.

At 20 Reginald exacted of his parents whatever amusement their great wealth could devise. And from habit they made the effort to please him. He was such a boy—such a child—even yet, with his merry brown eyes, his long, drooping lashes, his fair skin and wavy brown hair, altho all these things were a sort of crown for his near-six-foot stature.

Of course Reginald liked himself immensely. No boy brought up in such an idolatrous environment could help thinking that Reginald DeVelt was the great unit in the universe. And when he left his teens he had discovered that his graceful young body had begun to develop strange and joyous forces that both amused and exhilarated him. So that with ever-advancing manhood he grew to love a new Reginald more than he had loved the one of his boyhood.

He slipped into his place at the breakfast table with a glance that acknowledged his mother's eyes of pride, his father's nod, and the butler-statue behind his father's chair. The maid, Marie, served him with fresh waffles and poured his coffee.

"So we shall see you at the office after this, eh?" his father remarked, dragging his attention from his paper, as Reginald unfolded his square of linen. "Well, I've been waiting for you, son. I want to get returns on my investment—understand? Seven thousand a year on a college course is some investment, believe me. Results I must have, sir—results."

It was no new argument and the boy knew how to take it. He shifted his glance to his mother, who put on her most engaging air of protest.

"Dear," she said, with an "I-know-you-won't-do-it" smile, "he has worked so hard at his books, I'd let him have a real good time before cooping him up in an office—you promised him a yacht, dear. Have you forgotten?" she added, still smiling her protest.

"Another big expense," growled the railroad magnate.

Reginald threw back his head and laughed. It was such fun to hear his father growl about the toys he bought for him. Then he touched his father's elbow coaxingly.

"I've been thinking, Gov'nor," he said, with his boyish grin, "that I'll cut the yacht this season, and I'll take something else in its place that won't cost so much."

"You needn't, dear," his mother put in, evidently in fear of the havoc that might ensue with such unusual self-denial.

"Let's hear what it is that he wants," suggested the Wall street magnate.

"You give me a gun," Reginald replied, with a swagger, "and let me [illegible] The [illegible] ...e, I hear, and I [illegible] and hardened for office w[illegible] it and camping outdoors. It's the life, I say. No feathers or frills or mollycoddling—just the plain rough-stuff camping life. I know I'd like it, Dad, if you'll let me go. Harvey and I were talking about it at the clubrooms, last night. We're both for it with four feet. Gee, I'd like it, tho!"

"Huh! Be arrested and pay a pretty sum to bail you out!" was his father's reply, but the deepening of his eye wrinkles displayed no dislike to the scheme.

His mother gazed at Reginald incredulously.

"You don't mean," she gasped, "to—to live in a real rough manner, dear? Not a real rough life in the open, I hope."

"Why, sure, mother—real rough-tough stuff," he cried, "with guns and dogs and tents and campfires and real rough-stuff things to eat—bear and deer and trout and then some more. When your son returns after six weeks of real camp life you'll hold up both hands and feet. You'll take me for a strange species of wild beast. Dad, I should suffocate in an office just now. The whole city stifles me. So just give me a 'yes' and let me go."

"You poor darling!" breathed his mother.

"You won't get a thing," predicted his father, already indulgently debating the scheme.

"Won't I? I'll get deer, sir. I'll get game. I'll get the greatest sport, and that's what I need just now after—after my strenuous work at college."

He expected a snort a this, and got it from his forceful, rugged and well-disciplined father. That college fatigue was a joke that both shared, the one bitterly, the other with a happy assurance all his own.

"But—but, my dear, you would surely take your valet," his mother interposed, still gaspingly, seeing the matter was becoming serious. "You must have servants, to look after your linen and dinners."

Husband and son exchanged knowing glances and laughed with their eyes. The butler, being dismissed, went out with the mere shadow of a smile flickering across his stolid face. Even Marie departed and left the family trio to enjoy the humor of the situation. Mrs. DeVelt, half understanding, rallied to say:

"He's never had a gun—he'll shoot himself."

"Harvey's got a Chink in view to do the scrubbing and to cook the grub," Reginald explained. "There's a prof—a bugologist—and his son, a butterfly fiend, who will play nurse to us if we need nursing," he added, by way of winning his way with his mother. "We'll be in good company. It's Professor Tait from Yale, too."

His mother had one glimpse of the pout that followed, and the testy impatience on the heels of the pout brought capitulation. She looked assent across the table. Her husband got up to go.

"Have your own way, boy," he said, as he made for the door, "but when you come home I want you should be my right-hand man."

"A brick you are, Gov, and I'll do it," Reginald nodded, as the sturdy back disappeared. His face beamed again, altho his mother began conjuring doubts and fears until he frowned.

"Aw, chuck it, mother," he replied. "I'm only out for a little sport—think I'm going to shoot myself just as the taffy begins to boil? Not on your life."

His mother rose to leave the room, but paused to place an affectionate kiss on his white forehead.

"I want my boy to be very happy," she explained. "That's all I ever think about, it seems to me. If you took a valet along——"

"Well, I can pick up somebody on the way who wants to earn good money and will let me throw shoebrushes and bootjacks at him," was the promise she received.

"See that you do," she smiled, and touched the bell, which was answered by Marie, the pretty white-capped maid.

"See that Mr. Reginald is comfortable," she ordered and swept out.

Marie advanced reluctantly. A shadow of fear lurked in her young eyes. It was plainly a dread of liberties granted to those in command but denied to those who serve. She paused at the sideboard, and at once a host of invisible forces seemed to be let loose in the big crystal-like room—f[illegible] mysterious, forces that man and [illegible] may feel but never understand. T[illegible] tin-[illegible] with th[illegible]—the unseen, [illegible] almost disconcerting. [illegible] was Marie's.

"You heard, Marie," the young man said, leaning back to nod at her, "you heard the orders? You are to make me comfortable."

Marie did not lift her shy eyes. "Yes, sir," she breathed, and blushed a little, then paled with apprehension.

"You are to make me comfortable. Give me a kiss, then, Marie," Reginald ordered, with the air of one who has a mouse in a cage.

A tiny flame leaped in the girl's blue eyes, but it seemed to die when her white lids covered it. She did not answer.

Reginald, having recently discovered the power of an ardent gaze upon shy girlhood, rarely missed a chance to exercise it. It amused him vastly. It was one of the things that his father's gold did not buy for him. He fairly exulted over so rare a find. So he gazed openly, and Marie blushed and paled alternately under his gaze.

"Marie, I'm going away on a good-time trip," he told her. "I know you're sorry. But I've had such a strenuous time at college that I feel the need of resting up. I'll be gone six weeks, Marie. Say, girl, you'll miss me all right, won't you? Promise that you won't get married until I come back, Marie."

Seventeen-year-old Marie's eyes shifted sidewise and down again.

"Yes, Mr. Reginald."

"You'll give me a kiss for good luck, Marie?" Reginald was inwardly bubbling over at the girl's confusion.

Another silence.

"You refuse me, Marie? Now, that's cruel. I'll have to report you to the housekeeper. I'll have to tell her you are not accommodating. Then what?"

Marie began nervously gathering up the silver and cups, piling them on a silver tray.

"She'd fire you as sure as taxes if I did."

He leaned toward her and whispered the playful threat. That it was play Marie became convinced.

"Then I'd quit before she gets the chance," was her retort.

Reginald groaned aloud. "How cruel—cruel these girls are! Say, hand me my cigarettes, there's a girl—and say, tell the feller to have my car brought round at once. I'm off to my club where no cruel girls are there to harrass me. Tell Simons to hurry, Marie—but stay, tell him to come here, first."

"Yes, sir," Marie said, and departed with her tray. At once Simons, the butler, appeared.

Without turning his head Reginald spoke. "Find out over the 'phone if Harvey Darrell has gone to the club—and here, give me a light, Simons," he said, and placed a cigarette in position and held it up. Simons touched the fireless end with a flame and disappeared.

Reginald strolled to the window, ignoring his victim who was now clearing the table. The lawn, a mere patch of it showing from his position in the alcove windows, was greening under a recent baptism of summer rain. The butler returned presently.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Harvey has gone to his clubrooms," he reported, "and your car is coming round, sir."

Reginald turned just enough to show that he was giving attention. "I should think it was time it was coming, Simons," he grumbled, and paused, indolently puffing as Simons bowed and went out. Reginald remained to gaze ardently at Marie as she went about her duties.

"Now, Marie," he remarked, in his casual way, "when I come back you'd better look out. If you don't give me that kiss I'll be strong enough to take it—by that time, Marie. I'll be a wonder when I come back. It will be in the papers how strong I am. Gee whiz! Think of six weeks under the sun, the moon, and the stars—what they won't do for me. You look out, Marie."

[illegible]e went over and tapped the girl on [illegible] shoulder [illegible]d nodded. Then he [illegible] the notes of a coll[illegible] [illegible] the stars are telling a [illegible]y like mine," were the last words that the girl heard.

"There goes a spoiled boy, Marie," was Simons' remark, a moment later, "a spoiled boy and no mistake."

"'Tis me that's willing to see his back," Marie retorted.

"Keep your chin in, Marie," was Simons' advice, "and your mouth shut. If you give him a bit of lip, off goes your head."

Marie's reply was a tilt of chin and nose, too, defiance plain and simple, and a silent, fearsome, "he'd-better-not-go-too-far" manner.

Meanwhile Reginald motored to his clubrooms with a satisfied and comforted feeling that he and Harvey Darrell were on the way to the biggest "tear" ever enjoyed by two college fellows worn out with the hard work of the closing college year.

"The Prince of Hearts will want his car in one hour, Art," he told the chauffeur, as they stopped before the imposing structure in which were the sumptuous rooms of one of New York's select clubs.

"Yes, sir," replied Art, touching his cap as Reginald left the tonneau and ascended the white marble steps where an attendant in brass buttons opened the door for him.

"The 'Prince of Hearts' is right," muttered the chauffeur, looking after the young man, "and not male hearts either."

CHAPTER II.

REGINALD found Harvey Darrell vainly trying to convert a circle of the club members to his own glorified idea of a hunting trip in the woods of Maine in midsummer, and he hailed his chum with glee as one to befriend him in the hour of defeat. The others turned to Reginald unresponsive eyes. In fact, there was derision as well as affectionate concern in the voices that objected to the plan.

"Why, Reggie, what the deuce are you doing with this crazy notion? Knowest thou not that no ladies inhabit these wilds that you venture upon? No ladies—hear, man—no ladies! You must be nutty. No ladies, and you the lady killer of the club!"

Reginald grinned at the speaker and sat down astride of a chair.

"Ladies," he repeated, puffing light clouds of smoke into the circle that stood and sat about an unused billiard table, "spring up in grace and beauty everywhere we go. We need not dread the barren soil. Wherever man has trod there grow these fair flowers—the rightful prey of human prowess, the dear objects of our affection. They are our prerequisites, sir. If a man but goes to the desert, opens his arms, breathes their names, their invisible shapes become visible—flowing, flying to the rescue."

Here some one tried to switch Reginald off his topic by saying:

"There is no hot bath for you, Reggie, in this crazy idea."

"No, you won't know yourself without that," cut in another.

"Quite so. I'd be obliged to answer to another name then," Reginald retorted good-naturedly. "Now I like Sam——"

"Yes, Sam Hill," Harvey laughed, and took Reginald by the shoulder. "Come along and have something iced, kid. I want to tell you something that is strictly private."

They went away to a table. A soft-footed waiter served them at once, and left them to their own devices. The other men turned to the comforts of the place as against those of the trail—the silent waiters serving iced drinks here and there thru the vista of alcoved apartments, the soft hum of the electric fans, the velvet of the floor, the airy, if subdued, light against the mahogany furniture—these all spoke of comforts that the town offered against those of the trail.

"Say, Reggie," confided Harvey, as soon as they were alone, "Incog would be a great little town for Podunk. We change our names, which protects poor [illegible] home a[illegible] dear sisters and [illegible] dunk a bright scarlet and purp[illegible] time of her life, you know, and th[illegible] out. What?"

Reginald meditated. He loo[illegible] his half-burned cigarette, laid it [illegible] and took an iced drink. To h[illegible] dulged senses this flavor of m[illegible] that Harvey proposed was attra[illegible] Any new incense seemed good to [illegible] nald, but he advanced toward this [illegible] with a proper caution. He was a D[illegible] Velt. Harvey was a Darrell, both o[illegible] millionaire families in New York's select circle.

"Can it be managed?" he asked, bu[illegible] he was already eagerly sure that th[illegible] thing could safely be done.

"You know it can be done, kid. The [illegible] bug men who are going along, and [illegible] Guy One-Lung that has just butte[illegible] by order of his doctor, will all b[illegible] busy with their own concerns that [illegible] will consent to let us spend days [illegible] from the camp. Guy is going to [illegible] notes for a book that he will mak[illegible] buy for your loving friends at Ch[illegible] mas time. They won't want us h[illegible] ing around."

Reginald rubbed his chin and nodded with an emphatic assent. To paint Podunk red and purple, too, would be some sport, he admitted. Here a page came calling Mr. Darrell, and Harvey rose to beckon him.

"Telephone call, sir," the boy said, and Harvey went to answer it. When he returned, after several minutes, suppressed merriment was in his voice, as he took his seat opposite his arch-conspirator.

"Something in the wind?" inquired Reginald.

"Yes, the Chink. He wants to know if he is to order the provisions before we start. He says he can get 'lice' at wholesale 'velly chak.' He means very cheap, of course. I told him to cut it out."

"It's a staple of camp life," Reginald objected.

"Spelled with an 'r,' laughed Harvey, "we can pick it up in any country store by the wayside, so why should we lug it all the way from New York?"

Reginald gave up with a shrug of indifference. "You are the boss," he said, "until the real sport begins. Then we shall see who leads."

"I'll give up the palm when it comes to the havoc of hearts," Harvey replied regretfully. "All the ladies of Podunk'll

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WE STRONGLY advise you to read, "SCORCHED GIRL-MOTHS; or, CHARMED BY THE PRINCE OF HEARTS," in this issue. You will find in it some interesting things about a millionaire's son, and how kindness to one and cruelty to the other, effected the fate of two betrayed girls. To boy readers we recommend, "CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE; or, THE MYSTERY OF SHELTER COVE," by Captain Jack Judson, in this issue. You will find it a thrilling story. Look out for some mighty interesting things in next week's Ledger.

fall before your charms, Reggie, believe me. The days of real sport at college show a trail of broken hearts wailing for the absent Reggie DeVelt. But he should worry."

Reggie's smile was one of self-gratification.

"With the harvest so rich, so abundant," he remarked, "how can I help it if some straws fall from my arms? How can a fellow help it? There's such a pretty lot of them, anyway." His voice was a good-natured whine followed by a half-vexed silence.

"Here's to the 'dear' trail," Harvey laughed, and clinked his glass with Reginald's.

"It is a too brief one," Reginald said, "for when I get back from this trip I have promised the Gov'nor that I'd settle down to business—hear that? Real work, you know."

Harvey laughed good-naturedly. "Sure thing—same here, too," he said, "but say, I'm worried. Work? Work? What is it, anyway? Is it a bug? Is it a fish? Is it a fowl? I'll betcher it's something uncanny, isn't it?"

"Ya-ah, you're right. It's a phantom," assured Reginald.

"I was always 'fraid o' phantoms. And I could weep at counting-rooms and offices."

"Come on out of this," ordered Reginald. "I expect Art's outside with my car." He rose to leave the place with Harvey following obediently. "They do say," he added, as they reached the entrance, "that Work is a pleasant lady once you get acquainted with her."

"I've met her at the dinner table," Harvey admitted, following Reginald into the tonneau. "I must say I like her, there, all right."

"But to return to the trail," cut in Reginald, "what's the name of the nearest town to our world's end place? Have you mapped it out?"

"I have, sir. The name of the town that we reach after leaving the cars, sir, is Ashville. I have traced it. At Ashville we buy our provisions and say farewell to our boasted civilization. With our dogs we will take our party and our Chink and disappear into the wilds of the North woods."

Reginald tucked his friend's blond head under his arm and prodded him generously in the ribs. "Just so we will disappear," he explained merrily, "and just so we will return laden with the game. Ashville forever and ever!" he grinned, as Harvey rescued his head from the crushing clasp and readjusted himself flushed and ready to strike back.

"You get to Ashville by stagecoach," Harvey went on to explain, presently, "and the stagecoach is drawn by horses—horses, mind you—and the natives gather in a daily mass meeting to see the stagecoach come into town. It is the only exciting thing that happens from day to day and from year to year. This is at Ashville."

"When we arrive we will have our new names written on the labels. Mine is Jack Weldon, and yours is——"

"M-m — Harry — Harry Daniels, at your service, sir," was Harvey's reply to the other. The two grinned cheerfully over their plot, and left it to be developed more fully at a later day not very far distant.

CHAPTER III.

ASHVILLE lay snuggled in the rolling plain south of the game preserves, and in the hot, midday sun appeared to be asleep, still clinging tenaciously but confidingly to her one main street. From it two roads straggled away in opposite directions. One of these embraced a sheet of clear water edged with pines, oaks, and hickories, with a screening underbrush of hazel and sumac.

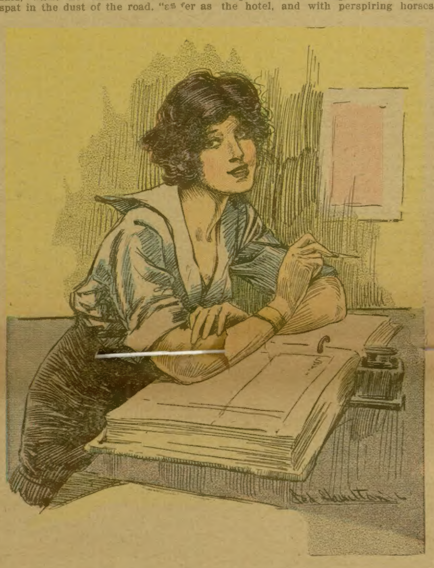
The main street of the town supported a blacksmith's shop, a postoffice cradled in the embrace of an undertaker's shop and a furniture store—a church and schoolhouse, a general store where farm produce was bartered and sold for groceries, axle grease, gingham, candy, cigars, crockery, and horsewhips.

Old Fischer drove the stagecoach. He kept the only hotel and bar in the town, and his premises bordered upon those of John Whitcome's store, the steps from one veranda leading to a double pair of planks that stretched to the steps of the other.

Old Fischer was the leading man in the one daily excitement of the town, and he knew it. It must have been the dignity of his position that lined his old Indian-like face with care and suspended the art of laughter. He never smiled and he answered all the questions that tourists put to him during [illegible] from the station with a curious blending of solemnity and candor. By the time travelers arrived in town they knew all that was worth knowing about the people who lived in Ashville. They knew that the sheet of water that they had a glimpse of as the big four-seated open coach made its final dash toward the oat bin was "the sparking ground" of the place. They caught sight of the boats nibbling at the shore and smiled.

They also knew from Old Fischer's gossip that John Whitcome had sent his only child Anabelle away to boarding-school, and now she was back, she was holding herself too high for Frank Simpson, her father's clerk, who was in love with her. They sympathized with Frank Simpson.

"You can feel just as sorry for Jim Lampson while you're about it," he said, while he shifted the reins and spat in the dust of the road. "Es fer as it goes to help enny. Jim's ben going with Violet Lawrence off an on sence his father died. But he hasn't a show to get ennywhere with four or five young brothers to take everything off the farm. Reckon he'll start out fer himself. He could be a acrobat an' clown in a circus—seems to be made that way," he added, his thin Indian-like lips closing firmly about his cigar and punctuating the case with a full pause. Jim's "antics" as an acrobat were apt to create a full pause among his admirers.



"I dare you to make a mistake!" she said.

Old Fischer, weathered and experienced in the matter of tourists, thought he knew the several types of hunters who came his way—the gentle, the rough, the scalawags, and the business brain-fags—but he was struck dumb with wonder when the hunting party from New York left the impatient train and climbed aboard his humble coach. He stared at the dogs of evident value; the baggage that had to be left for two teams; and four hilarious men; and last but most exciting of all, a "heathen Chinee" who looked after the suitcases and bags that were stowed away under the seats.

When all were ready, Old Fischer lifted the reins with more than common dignity. He was taller and straighter and looked more than ever like an Indian. But he showed all the white man's pride in his position as head man of Ashville's one-act daily amusement program.

"By Jerry," he mentally cogitated, "when Ashville sees that there heathen feller they'll—" he rubbed one ear, took up his whip, and switched it warningly over the backs of his team.

There was no time for further forebodings, because things began to be said behind him. He had noted that the "heathen feller" had taken the back seat with the dogs, and the others were disposing of themselves and of their witty remarks in the two remaining seats.

The three miles were dashed off in stoical silence on the part of Old Fischer, who could do nothing but handle the reins and listen to the bantering jokes that passed between the college songs and the quotations of his passengers. He learned by listening that they were city men from some college in search of bugs and butterflies. The guns and dogs were for pastime, he presumed. Altogether it was the consummate event of the summer to present them to the waiting spectators of the town. Old Fischer's deep wrinkles deepened as the stage dashed up to the hotel, and with perspiring horses and a flourish uncalled for, considering the heat, stopped before the wide veranda which adorned his hostelry, and gave a beckoning nod to a startled office boy who sprang to give a helping hand with the "luggage."

It was the noon hour, and the entire school of forty pupils were ready for the arrival. The mayor, a pursy fellow in a ragged waistcoat, also a soiled shirt with the sleeves rolled to the elbow, was present, with twenty other loiterers and a fair sprinkling of women and girls.

Reginald and Harvey, alert and twinkling over the curious crowd, stepped down from the coach with a gay gesture of good will.

"Hey! hey! The rubes are out to welcome us," Harvey said in an undertone of appreciation.

"Right-o," replied Reginald, and took off his hat with the ready good will of the college campus.

His glance took in the entire gapingly interested crowd. Then it glanced at the sign over the general store, "JOHN WHITCOME, GENERAL MERCHANT." And on the wide platform before the store two girls stood together, one lifting a white handkerchief in response to their gay salute. Harvey saw them as soon as Reginald did and nudged. Both stared frankly.

"Gee—rustic beauties!" he whistled, and took off his hat again, and Anabelle Whitcome waved her handkerchief in excited response.

The stagecoach party were hustled in to their waiting dinner, and the crowd dispersed. The event of the day had passed, but the excitement lingered to entertain the little town for the rest of the day. The valuable hunting dogs, the guns, the Chinaman, the spectacled old professor and his equally spectacled son, and the invalid man with the woolen ulster, the two gay and noisy fellows who noticed the town's belles, Anabelle Whitcome and Violet Lawrence—this was enough to make talk, this alone. The men were "too fresh," and Anabelle was "too forward," and nobody believed that Violet Lawrence was a flirt. But since Anabelle had been away to boarding-school no one could say what new ideas she might have brought home. If her mother had lived she would have been a different girl. But growing up without a mother—there the girl was left to the imagination. She was the idol of her foolish father, anyway, and what she did was all right in his eyes.

All of which the tourists, assembled on the hotel veranda, were innocent enough. They were engaged with cigars and with those of the town idlers who had the temerity to talk with them. The two girls, however, had left the scene arm in arm and cheek to cheek in this their most thrilling experience.

"Isn't he a dandy fellow?" gushed Anabelle, as they turned back to her father's store and paused. "He's the handsomest man I ever saw in all my life. Don't you think so, Violet?"

"Yes, yes—such a nice complexion," Violet admitted. "You mean the tall one. The other has freckles—he isn't very pretty."

"No, he isn't. Jimmie looks better than he does. Are you going with Jim to the picnic, Vi?"

"No, I'm going with mother and father in the carriage."

Anabelle smiled patronizingly. "They think you're a kiddo," she said affectionately, and looked over at the hotel. But it was a barren place just now, and the two walked away under the horse-chestnut trees that shaded the quiet street.

"Didn't Jim invite you to go with him?" Anabelle persisted, as they paused before her own gate, which was but a few paces from the store. "I'm going with Frank Simpson, but—" she paused and glanced back toward the hotel—"oh, Frank's all right, but—isn't he slow? He puts me in the fidgets. Come on in, Vi, and I'll get you a book I've been reading. It's all about a duchess."

They went in to get the book, and then Violet went home. The stagecoach had brought a letter for her father, as well as the London papers which had been sent to him ever since he had come to America twenty years before. Violet had them with her, and she hurried to give them to him before he went back to the harvest field for the afternoon.

Anabelle's unwashed dinner dishes were waiting for her as she bade her friend good-by, but when she entered the kitchen her black-brown eyes were blind to their demands and her pink-white face was averted.

She crossed the room to the small mirror that hung above the sink and arranged a straying curl of her black hair. This done, she examined herself carefully, trying to see herself as others would see her. Then she smiled into her own eyes just to get the effect. There were so many different kinds of smiles, first with the eyes alone, then with the lips alone, then all together—and Anabelle tried them all and then went to change her dress.

"I just can't stay at home today," she declared, "I'm so restless and so—nervous. I hate to wash dishes, anyway," she ended in self-justification, and laid out a fresh lawn dress. She stood looking with appraising eyes as it lay on her unmade bed, trying to see it as somebody else would see it. "It does look fetching," she admitted, and unfastened the simple house gown that she wore and made haste to put on the other. Her own mirror was larger than the one in the kitchen, and she could see readily enough that no one could find a word of fault with her in a lawn dress that had corn-color flowers on a white background.

Slowly she descended to the living-room with its disordered books, papers, and furniture, and from a corner took her sunshade. At the screen door she paused and looked back, and hesitated.

"I'll get Frank Simpson to put up five pounds of sugar, she thought, "for I used up all I had on those cherries I canned yesterday. He'll think I'm dressed up for his benefit. Goodness! He makes me have the willies with his loving looks and ways. Well, I can't help it," she decided, and hurried out of her motherless home into adventures strange and hitherto untried.

It was an event with Frank Simpson

when Anabelle came to the store, no matter how often it happened in the week. He looked up from the day ledger that he was bending over as she came in, and nodded at her evasive manner. It was an itemized account that he was jotting down as John Whitcome called the items from the back room where goods were commonly received thru a sliding door that opened upon the rear and side of the building. Anabelle paused long enough to hear a few of the items. She frowned vexedly over the first one.

"One bushel of cherries," her father called.

"All right," responded Frank, jotting it down in favor of the account headed "J. Rudlidge."

"One crate eggs," was the next item.

"Item here," responded Frank again.

"Two jars butter—five pounds each."

"Say, papa," interrupted Anabelle, hurrying into the back room like a summer breeze, "for goodness' sake, I hope you'll send these cherries to Halifax, or anywhere else except to me. I'm sick of cherries. You know I did up a bushel yesterday, don't you?"

Her father indulged himself in more items for J. Rudlidge.

Anabelle stared at him with increasing petulance, and Frank Simpson, seeing she had dropped her handkerchief, and noting besides that she was looking very pretty, left the daybook and the tall desk on which it rested, and picked up the bit of cambric for her.

"Oh, thanks," she said, taking it. "Isn't it a hot day?"

There was no exchange of glances, because Anabelle's eyes were too restless and evasive. But now they suddenly rested on the door and stopped there, while her breath caught in her throat. The hunting party was entering.

In a moment the dreary, dusty store with its conglomerate goods and its fly-specked windows changed to a palace of dreams for Anabelle. As the clerk went forward to serve his customers, Anabelle slipped to a nook near the [illegible] and became intent upon selecting [illegible] sash ribbon from the few that were displayed in a small showcase. It was to be a corn-color affair with satin figures in it to match the lawn dress that she wore. It took some time to make the selection, because her ears were listening to what was being said at the other side of the store, where already her father had left his work, seeing so many had come in, and was helping to serve them.

Altho Anabelle's eyes were on the ribbons and her hands were pawing them daintily over, she could see that one of the party was glancing curiously about him, taking in the strange assortment of goods and the disarray of things in general, his nostrils absorbing the union of odors from molasses and kerosene to boot leather and leaf-tobacco. Presently the young man began to saunter about in idle curiosity, while the others ordered the necessary provisions for the camp. This was no other than the Prince of Hearts himself.

"Please pick out a pretty ribbon for me," he smiled, and lifted his hat as he came to the ribbon case.

Anabelle gave a little start. It was affected, but it was pretty to see, and Reginald gave her a merry glance to pay for it.

"What color?" Anabelle wanted to know, the pink of her cheeks deepening as she took a gratified breath over the handsome face and the grace of the tourist's clothing.

"Anything you like," joked Reginald.

"Wine?" she asked, with another smile and blush.

"Wine, and nothing else," he responded heartily.

She picked out a narrow band and held it up.

"It is a dark wine, rich and pretty," she said, smiling a disbelief that he was really a purchaser of ribbons, and almost giggling in her delight in his perfect ease and his merry eyes that met hers with evident admiration. She had her suspicions—a pretty girl will always have them—that the young man was making an excuse, a purchasing excuse, just to get acquainted. So she coaxed him with a smiling, "How many yards do you wish?"

"Why, I don't know—I never bought wine by the yard," he faltered. "I thought it was bottled goods. But—well, since you insist that I am wrong about the bottled stuff, I might take ten yards."

"I'll measure it off," Anabelle said, struggling with herself, and determined not to giggle as some girl who had not been to boarding-school would do in the circumstances. "Will you have it delivered?"

"Gee—that's the way to do, isn't it? But let's see—I think I'll come in again. It's to go on my cane, you know, and I don't know how to tie it on the blooming thing. And some of it might go on my hunting cap—a bow, short and sweet, you know?"

"Oh, yes, I know, just the tiniest one on the cord?"

"That's it—oh, you're great, to know what a man wants. Let's see—I suppose you'd know how to tie one of those ribbon bows. Yes? Well, I don't. So I'll have to bring my lid in here and beg you to do it for me."

Here was the chance for Anabelle to inform him that she was not a clerk in the store, that she only happened there once in a while, that her social position was a superior one, the one belonging to the daughter of Ashville's merchant storekeeper.

"I'm afraid"—she hesitated sweetly—"that I might not be in, unless it just happened so. I am not employed here—it's my father's store, you see, and——"

"Ah—the daughter of a merchant prince—I see." He took off his hat to her with a new deference, and Anabelle, smiling and glancing past him, saw Frank Simpson gazing across at them with a candid stare of surprise.

Reginald dipped into his pockets after his money, as Anabelle began measuring off the ribbon. Her heart was beating fast, and her fingers trembled as they pressed off the yards against the measuring tacks placed on the edge of the showcase.

"I'll have to bring my duds in right away then, won't I?" he asked. "But I'd hate to bother you with them," he added, with a wistful glance.

"It is a pleasure," Anabelle cooed. "Don't think for a minute it will be a bit of trouble."

"Then I'll be back again in a jiffy," he said, laying down a gold-piece that glittered sharply on the showcase. "I'll have to hunt up one of my other hats, I think, and have that decorated, too."

He went off without his change. Anabelle found a pair of scissors and cut the ribbon, but she paused as she was folding it to pick up the coin and to stare at it in sudden gloating and delight.

"It—why, it's ten dollars!" she whispered huskily, and turned it over again and again to make sure that her eyes had not deceived her.

CHAPTER IV.

WITH the gold coin in her pink palm, Anabelle slowly went over to the desk in which was the money drawer, and beckoned to her father.

"Give me change for this," she said. "One dollar for ribbon out of it."

Her father took the coin with startled eyes. He suspected that they were deceiving him, and reached for his glasses to make sure. But when his eyes were thus re-enforced he grew calmer and turned the ten-dollar goldpiece about curiously, then drew out the drawer and counted nine silver dollars into her hand.

Anabelle's father was tall, bearded, and blue-eyed and walked with a stoop in his shoulders from which an ulster of linen, none too clean, hung in up-and-down wrinkles outside of his spare form.

"We don't get many gold-pieces," he said, "but this looks like real stuff. I'll keep it in my vest pocket so Frank won't give it out by mistake."

He slipped it in his vest, and hurried back to see that his customers were properly served. His one glance at Anabelle's face had set him to wondering. She was like her dead mother—grew more like her every day, in fact, God bless her. But today, with a certain bored look of unrest removed from her face, and with a glow of something happy and mysterious in its place, she thrilled him with what he thought he had long ago lost.

With the hunting party waited on and the Chinese servant left to look after a few minor items, he turned back again to look at his daughter more searchingly. She still had the nine silver dollars in her hand, but she was gayly fluttering about where Frank had begun to put up the big order for the camp. An invisible barrier of reserve that she had put up since coming home was broken down, and her manner toward him was quite coquettish and almost cordial.

"I dare you to make a mistake," she said, as Frank weighed out a peck of navy beans. "Here, give me the list of the goods wanted, and I'll see they are all put in." She snatched up the sheet from the worn and mussy counter and read off the items. "Twenty pounds of bacon," she read aloud. "Why, goosy-gander, we don't keep bacon."

"I promised to get it," Frank explained, tying up the beans with a grin of satisfaction over her sweet and gracious manner so unusual and unexpected. "A big order like this calls for all kinds of attention," he added.

He gave her an admiring look. He felt that his chances with her were not so bad, after all. He would be patient. He knew all the pretty ways of a colt being trained to harness, its flings and plunges and wild breaks for liberty. It took patience and kindness and a world of careful forbearance but conquer he could and would. He judged that girls were often as freakish as colts. He could never understand them, but he thought with much loving and hoping he could win out with Anabelle just as he had done at home on the farm with his father's colts. Here he reminded Anabelle that he was going to have fine weather ordered for the coming Old Settlers' picnic at "The Neck," the day after tomorrow, and that they would have a fine time together.

At mention of the picnic her manner changed, and a chill seemed to have descended upon the atmosphere of the store. Frank, utterly misunderstanding, sought to bring back the warmth by playfully changing the subject:

"Who was the sporty fellow you sold the ribbon to?" he asked, as he scooped rice from a paper-lined canvas bag and adjusted the scales to the figure ten. "I suppose he's got a sister he's sending it to, or maybe a cousin?"

"No doubt he has a cousin or something," Anabelle countered, flushing in the secrecy of a convenient shadow and jingling the silver dollars in her hand. "He's getting it for his own use, he says. There he comes, now! I must give him his change."

Anabelle hurried forward with a welcoming smile. Reginald's smile answered hers as she held out the silver.

"Gee! I was going to say to keep the change, but since you are not one of these underpaid clerks, I can't, can I?" he said, leading the way back to the showcase and piling the silver in one corner of it. Here's my lid. I had an awful time getting it out, too—tumbled things all over the floor, out of my suitcase. Now, see what you can do to make it pretty."

He gave the cap, a white one of soft wool and silk, woven closely, into her keeping. The cap savored of wealth, of fineness, of intangible things that had never entered her simple country life, and the very touch of it thrilled Anabelle anew.

"I know I'm an awful lot of trouble," he apologized, leaning toward her, after scissors and fingers began to touch up the bareness of the headgear.

"Oh, please don't mention it," breathed Anabelle, her color deepening. "I like to do this. There, how's that?" She held up the cap properly decorated with a tiny bow on each side.

"Say, but I'm glad I came in here! We're leaving tonight for the game preserves up north of here. But say, if I get lonesome, I'd like to come back here just to get a taste of civilization again. If I only knew your first name, I could drop you a line or two. Say, would you answer my letter if I should write?"

Anabelle smiled coyly. What daring, daring things men could do! She hesitated the fraction of a moment, battling with maidenly reserve.

"My first name begins with 'A,'" she said, archly.

"'A' stands for 'angel'," Reginald replied, "also 'apple' and 'airship'—'actress'—oh, yes, and 'affinity.' Gee, but I've hit it, sure."

Anabelle laughed gleefully. She caught him up instantly, for it would never to do to let him have that last word.

"It stands for 'ape,—adder'—'Andrew,' oh, lots of other things," she reminded him, "but—er—my name isn't any of these, of course."

She stopped, still battling with her maiden instinct toward conventional behavior, but she so longed to have him know—to have him write—not to let him slip entirely beyond her reach, that she added, "it's just plain Anabelle," the while her nervous fingers held the adorned cap on their tips and her eyes with their eager sparkle followed it as she turned it around and around.

"Miss Anabelle Whitcome, eh? Well, take it from me you'll get a letter after we go into camp, and it'll be from Jack Weldon, of Boston, at your service."

He tucked the decorated cap into his hunting-coat pocket and lifted the one he was wearing.

"Here's your change," Anabelle called after him as he was backing away. "Don't you like silver dollars?"

"Gee, no! I'd rather you took it and bought a sundae—but seeing you are a merchant princess I can't leave it with you. I'll stow it away in several pockets so it won't give me too much ballast on one side."

He was starting off again after putting the money away, and backed against the center counter with its assorted sizes of men's ready-made overalls and cheap clothing.

"Here's your parcel, too," she reminded him, and held up the rest of the ribbon.

"Give it to your little sister," he replied, and went on.

Anabelle wrapped the ribbon in tissue paper and took it to Frank.

"Put this in with the other things," she ordered. "It's been paid for, so it goes with the other goods." She hurried out then, treading on air and suppressing bubbles of joy that would, in spite of her, well up, threatening to break into vulgar little shrieks of song.

"'Affinity,'" she mused, half giggling, as she hurried home, "how did he dare! I'm going to look in the dictionary as soon as ever I get home. And his name is Jack—how nice!—Jack Weldon. A thousand times better than Frank—silly—tame—no-style Frank. Give me Jack," she whispered, "daring and dash and style and—everything with it."

Reaching her home, a white, two-story frame building with a wide porch across the front, over which a woodbine heavily clambered, Anabelle flew to her school dictionary.

"Oh, I'll never find it—a—a—affin—oh, here 'tis—'affinity.' Just as I thought—'relationship by marriage,' it says, and 'chemical attraction'—well!" She smiled and slammed the book shut. "My goodness. There's nothing slow about him, I must say."

She sank into her father's rocker, kicked at the newspaper he had dropped at his feet the day before, picked up a fan to keep the flies away, and gave herself up to happy dreams.

The evening meal was served in a belated and disorderly manner, because Anabelle's happy dreams had taken up so much of her time that nothing coming from inexperienced hands could come straight and in any way correct, but John Whitcome, tasting the half-cooked potatoes and equally half-cooked salt pork, the stale bread, and weak tea, was well content, because he still saw the ineffable something in the face of his child that he thought he had long ago lost. He knew it was a subtle mystery, but it gave him another thrill to see it and to feel it going about with Anabelle and glorifying everything in the place. So he did not scold about her housekeeping. He ignored it by diving into his vest pocket and bringing to light the gold ten-dollar piece that she had taken from the young stranger.

"How about that?" he cheerfully asked. "Real gold, child, but it's too dangerous to carry around. Put it away some place before I lose it. I saw you talking to him after he came in the second time. How do you like him?"

Well, how did she? Anabelle found it hard to tell her father just what her thoughts were regarding the young man. She was rather appalled at the task, and was sure that he could never understand how in so short a time—a mere twenty minutes, one might say—her whole life had been changed from drab to rose color, from boredom to delight.

"Why—I liked him pretty well," she hesitated, dropping her telltale eyes to her plate. "He told me his name—it's Jack Weldon. I guess he's from Boston. He is nice, papa, very nice. And—he seemed to—to like me, I thought." She stopped here, not daring to go further, and looked up to find her father's serious blue eyes regarding her with searching intentness.

"There was no need of his telling you his name, as I can see," her father said. "You be careful how you encourage strangers, Anabelle, or you'll get into trouble. Jack Weldon, from Boston, hey? Next thing I know he'll be coming to see you."

"Maybe he will, papa. And what if he does? You'll think he's a nice man, too. He's so different from any one in Ashville."

Her father laughed a little. He had the same feverish longing to make her happy that other parents had—a longing that indulgent parents share every-

(Continued on Pa

THEIR SISTER

By Hapsburg Liebe

THERE were five of them, these Big Laurel Baydens—John and Benjamin, Elliot and Matt, and Sister; they were all grown, and none of them had married. The brothers were stalwart and broad of shoulder. Sister, the youngest of the five, was slight of build, willowy, but as strong as most men of her weight. She had never had another name. That by which they called her had always seemed a thousand times more fitting than any other name could have been. They had all been so proud of her, because she was the only girl.

But her girlhood had been pitifully short. On the day that she was 16, her father and mother had passed during the same hour, stricken with mountain fever; and from that day she had tried hard and faithfully to take her mother's place for the sake of the boys. She had succeeded gloriously. She was the keeper of home, the balance-wheel. And no woman was ever more idolized by her brothers than was Sister.

When Sister was 17, she promised herself very soberly that she would not marry as long as even one of her brothers remained under her mothering wing. The Baydens had always been noted for keeping promises.

It was a fine morning in the springtime. Birds were singing and making love; squirrels were quarreling over the new hickory buds; laurel and ivy and redbud and puccoons were in bloom everywhere. Sister had finished her housework. She was somehow lonesome—at the age of 22 springtime is apt to madden one's blood. She put on a new gingham bonnet, which matched her plainly made gingham dress, and went out to the cabin yard. She looked wistfully at a hoe that leaned against the stick-and-clay chimney, and wished that she might work in the clearing—it was strictly against certain ironclad rules her brothers had made for her hands to touch a hoe or an ax. Still, the boys were helping to get the poplar out of Poplar Cove, and wouldn't be home until sundown——

A peeled hickory fishing rod caught her eyes then, and her eyes brightened like those of a small boy. She took up the rod, and hurried down to the creek that flowed between the Big Laurel and its neighbor to the west, sat down on a gray stone, and began to fish and to dream strange, disquieting dreams.

Something tugged at her line. She still stared toward a clump of ferns that grew on the other side of the pool. Another tug and she came back to herself. She rose, flushed with excitement, trembling in every limb, and began to play her trout. The trout, perhaps an old one at the game, maneuvered shrewdly, got a straight rod, and snapped the line near the hook!

Sister drew in the line, and examined it. Then—now perhaps this queer, disquieting feeling of unrest the springtime had thrown over her had a great deal to do with it—Sister very promptly sat down and cried. Not very loud, however—the lash of the falls above the pool drowned out every sound of it.

But one does not always have to hear such sounds to know when another is crying. One may judge by appearances. Sister's shaking shoulders, her slender hands over her eyes, brought a strange young man stepping lightly but quickly from some point below. He was a very nice-looking young man, and his clothing was unmistakably the clothing of the city; but his features and his walk whispered of the mountains. He sat down beside Sister, smiled a little smile of sympathy, and put a hand ever so gently on her nearest arm.

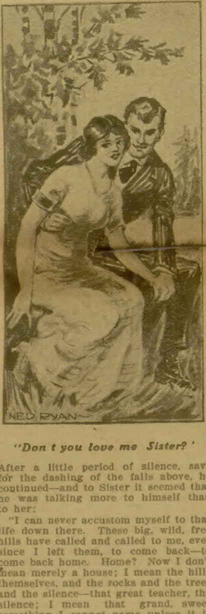
"I beg pardon—is anything wrong?" he said; and his voice was so low that Sister barely heard it.

She looked up and around and saw him. Her first impulse was to run homeward. But his countenance was reassuring, and she sat still. After a moment of looking straight into his eyes, as tho searching for some sign of good or evil therein, she, too, smiled. It seemed a mite ridiculous to ask when one was crying if anything was wrong! But it seemed even more ridiculous to cry over losing a fish.

"No," said Sister, "nothin' hain't wrong. I jest happened to let a big fish git away—that's all. Who are you, if I may ax? And whar are you from, and whar are you a-goin' to?"

The young man's smile became brighter. "I'm Albert D'Armond, and I'm from town. I'm up here for a month, to fish—for one thing. I'm staying with Old Man Higgins, who lives down the creek. But my name really isn't D'Armond. It is really Cooke. When I was a boy, and an orphan, I was taken from these mountains here and adopted by an old minister named D'Armond."

He was staring into the pool now.



"Don't you love me Sister?"

After a little period of silence, save for the dashing of the falls above, he continued—and to Sister it seemed that he was talking more to himself than to her:

"I can never accustom myself to that life down there. These big, wild, free hills have called and called to me, ever since I left them, to come back—to come back home. Home? Now I don't mean merely a house; I mean the hills themselves, and the rocks and the trees and the silence—that great teacher, the silence; I mean that grand, sweet something I cannot name unless it is the spirit of the mountains. It reminds me of an old joke. They have succeeded in taking me out of the mountains; but they have never succeeded in taking the mountains out of me. I've been trying to find an excuse for living here. I don't want to go backward. I've been wondering if I mightn't establish a school here, and be of some service to my people—I mean the people of these hills."

"I understand," and Sister nodded wisely—but she wasn't sure that she really did understand. She rose. "I think I'd better be a-goin' home," she said awkwardly. "Yes, I reckon we do need a school here. Thar hain't none nigher'n town, as I know about."

Albert Cook rose, too. He stooped, picked up her fishing rod, and passed it to her. "Do you come fishing often?"

"Sometimes."

Sister turned and went rapidly up the narrow path that led to the old home cabin. Her thoughts were somewhat jumbled. For one thing, she didn't know whether to blame Albert Cooke for spoiling her morning's sport. It would have been fine if she had stayed and caught enough fish for the boys' supper. But she couldn't stay and Albert Cooke there!

Why was it that she kept thinking of that promise she had made to herself five years before? She was angry with herself because she couldn't get it—and Albert Cooke, the only eligible young man she had ever seen—from her mind.

Poor Sister! She whipped the dog that afternoon, and cried about that. Truly, this springtime madness is a thing that is hard to get out of one's blood.

When her four brothers came in at sundown, they seemed less merry than usual. She was sensitive to their moods as a mother could have been; she knew something had happened—she knew it before she saw a slight trace of blood on John's nose. She set a pan of baked potatoes on the table, and faced her eldest brother.

"You've been a-fightin', John," she said soberly.

"Yes," John admitted gruffly, "and I've been a-fightin'. As we come along up the creek down thar, we come acrost a young feller all duded up, who was a-fishin'. We stopped to see what he'd ketched, a course. Then he up and says to me, he says, 'Say,' he says, 'who is that thar gyrl as comes down here a-fishin'—the one with the pi'dy gingham dress on, and the thick pleet o' ha'r a-hangin' down her back?'

"'What about her?' says I. "And I was all flared up, with my fists doubled, and he couldn't 'a' helped but 'a' seen it.

"'I jest axed who she was,' says he.

"'You sneakin' town dude!' I bellers—you see, I never did like a dudy feller nohow. And then I knocks him into the pool all over.

"Well, he crawls out, and me and him has it right thar. And I tells him as we was a-havin' it that you was my sister, and that no man could break one ha'r in yore head without a-payin' for it with his lowdown life. And then—he—and then——"

"Well, what then?" inquired Sister.

"And then he quit a-fightin' and walked off down the creek."

"Can he fight?" thoughtfully.

"Can he fight!" snorted John Bayden. "Sister, any man who is able to hand me a bloody nose can fight."

"I reckon he can," admitted Sister.

"And tonight," continued John, somewhat shamefacedly, "we're a-goin' down thar and run that thar town feller off."

"Tonight," declared Sister, with quiet emphasis, "you hain't a-goin' to do no sech of a thing."

The brothers stared at her as tho they couldn't believe it. But they did not go down that night to run Albert Cooke out of the community.

The next morning another attack of lonesomeness sent Sister down to the creek with a fishing rod in her hands. As she neared the pool in which she lost the fish of the day before, she saw Albert Cooke was already there. She stopped, and slipped behind a clump of blooming laurels, and watched him interestedly. She saw that his head was bent thoughtfully, and that his rod was dipping into the water for lack of attention. She went back home without letting him see her. And three other mornings brought exactly the same proceedings.

But there came a morning, of course, when Sister went down to the pool and to the young man who had waited there so patiently for her. The springtime saw to that. She met him there almost every day for two weeks afterward didn't realize what it was coming to. She thought only of the present. There was a certain hunger to her soul, and the companionship of this big, earnest, quiet fellow satisfied it and made her happy.

One morning Albert Cooke threw aside his rod, faced her, and took up one of her hands.

"I have decided to stay here and teach a school," he said. "And I want to marry among my own people. Sister, I want to marry you."

Instead of blushing, Sister went pale; He wanted to marry her! More than that, she wanted to marry him. But—who would take care of the boys if she were to marry Albert Cooke?

She tried to draw her hand away, and couldn't. She felt very sorry for herself. Everybody but her might have his mate. Even the birds had mates. It was the law of the world. But she—

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she couldn't leave the boys; she could never, never leave the boys. It was their place to leave her—to go into homes of their own. Until they married, she must stay with them, and be their balance-wheel. They took after the Baydens, and the Baydens were inclined toward being a little wild.

Albert Cooke's voice interrupted her thinking. It came almost plaintively, and altogether without any tone of anger or of impatience. There was nothing in it to remind her that she had the best chance of her life.

"Don't you love me, Sister?"

Sister jerked her hand away with a movement that savored strongly of desperation. She rose quickly, and stood looking down into his earnest eyes.

"No," she said finally, "I won't marry you, and that's all thar is to it."

"Please don't get mad," said Albert Cooke. "I made the proposal in dead earnest."

Her eyes widened. So he thought she was mad! Well, it would be better that way. She ran homeward, leaving him pallid and hurt to the bottom of his heart—for she was of his own people.

At supper that evening she met her brothers bravely. They should never know that she was drinking the bitter cup for their sakes. She seemed even more carefree than usual; she laughed at their poor jokes, and said a great many light and silly things. But she overdid her part, and John's keen eyes saw thru the thin veneer she had so heroically put over her grief. He stopped eating, looked at her sharply, and saw her flush in the center of each cheek.

"As we come home, Sister," he said, a queer glint in his keen eye, "we heerd that that thar town feller had went home of a suddent."

"Is that so?" Sister tried hard to appear uninterested.

"That's so," said John. He rose, put his two big, strong hands on the table, and bent toward her. "Sister, I want to ask you a question: Did you love that thar man?" His voice trembled, and there was a twitching at the corners of his mouth.

Sister shrank from him. How could she tell him that she did—or, for that matter, that she didn't? Her chief aim in life was to see that her brothers were doing well and content. She didn't know just what to say in answer to John's questioning. Her head swam; there were burning sensations in her face. Then she turned and ran into the next room, which was her bedroom, and threw herself down on the pillows.

She never knew how long she lay there. When she lifted her head, it was very still and dark in the room. The lonesome cry of an owl drifted faintly to her. She rose, tiptoed to the doorway, and listened. All was still. Doubtless the boys were abed and asleep. Well, they were tired, and she would wait until morning to tell them the whole truth.

The whole truth! If she told them the whole truth they would all marry in haste that her own love might be satisfied! Marriages in haste were never good marriages. No, she could not tell them the whole truth. She went quietly to bed, and after a long, long time went to sleep.

When she awoke the following morning she missed the sound of talking and laughing that had always come from the boys' bedroom at that time of day. A strange fear entered her heart. She slipped into her clothing, and hurried to the boys' door. There was no answer whatever to her call. She threw the door open, and went in. The two beds had not been disturbed during the night just gone!

Where were they? Her eyes roamed over the bare walls, and found four pairs of wooden rifle-hooks that were empty! At last she knew. The four believed that Albert Cooke had won her love but to throw it aside when his vacation was over—and they had gone to town to avenge her! Oh, it was terrible!

The chances were that she would be too late to stop them. They had been gone at least ten hours. But the one course open to her was to catch the early train at Higgins' Tank, and try, at least, to reach her brothers before the harm was done. She drew on her best dress—it was a blue-dotted percale—caught up her purse and a sunbonnet, and ran toward Higgins' Tank. She reached it barely in time to board the early train for Johnsville.

An hour later she was listening breathlessly to a townsman who was talking to a group of idlers on the Johnsville station platform. Yes, the four men were mountaineers. They had dragged Albert D'Armond from his foster-father's house, and in the street they had beaten him into insensibility. And the mountaineers had been arrested.

Sister's two hands clutched her percale dress over her heart. She had come too late. But she was glad her brothers had thought better of using their rifles.

"And," ran on the townsman, "the fate of these four mountain men depends on whether Albert lives or dies."

Sister shrank back against the brick wall. But if her physical self was weakened, her mental self was not. Albert Cooke must live. There were more reasons than one why he must live. She had nursed her four brothers safely thru mountain fever in the fever year, even if she hadn't been able to get her father and mother thru; people had said that her touch was magic to a sick person—they had said it so much that Sister had come to accept it as a plain fact. She bent forward and touched one of the station idlers on the back. She turned quickly.

"Please take me to Mr. D'Armond's house," she said. "Don't stop to ax no questions—take me thar as quick as you can."

The idler could not have failed to note the anxiety that was so plainly written on her face. The two hurried away. The idler was forced to walk as rapidly as he could as they threaded the grass-grown, shaded old streets. He stopped her in front of a very homelike house of brick, which set among maples and apple trees.

"Here," he said.

"Much obliged, shore," said Sister.

An old woman met her at the door. She saw that the old woman had a kindly face.

"I've come to see Albert," she said awkwardly. "I'm the sister o' the men what done it."

The kindly face went a trifle gray. "I'm afraid you can't come in," was the rather cold reply.

Sister's eyes filled and ran over. She turned toward the street and walked blindly down the steps. The old woman stared in wonderment, then changed her mind.

"I think you may come in," she said gently.

The young mountain woman hurried into the room in which Albert Cooke lay on a snow-white bed. She saw that his face was bruised badly, and that his eyes were swollen and black, and that one of his wrists was in a bandage. She fell to her knees beside his bed, and caught his sound hand to her cheek.

"What made you come here, Sister?" Albert Cooke asked in a voice that seemed thick and unnatural.

"I tried to git here in time to tell my brothers that you hadn't made me love you and then throwed my love away," murmured Sister. "I was too late. I wanted to be clost to you while you're so bad off. I've got two big reasons for a-wantin' to be here. One is that if you was to die it would hang my brothers; t'other is—you'd ought 'o know what t'other is without me a-comin' right out and a-tellin' it, Albert Cooke!"

Cooke's eyes lighted wonderfully. He turned his face a little more toward her, and whispered:

"So you'll marry me, Sister?"

She told him why she couldn't. After the boys were gone and settled in homes of their own, then she would marry him if he still wanted her. He seemed to understand—anyway, it had always seemed so easy for him to understand—but he said he thought the boys were quite able to take care of themselves, with her looking on from a little distance. But with that Sister could not agree.

Sister stayed there at the home of the D'Armonds until the morning of the day on which her brothers were to be tried. Albert Cooke was able to be out. He assured her that he would do all in his power to set her brothers free. He told her that, under the circumstances, the case would doubtless be thrown out of court. And as he left the gate he told her that he was going to bring a marriage license when he came home that evening!

"You'd better not!" declared Sister.

Sister knew that if she stayed she might yield. So she stole away as soon as Albert Cooke was out of sight, went down to the station, and boarded a train for Higgins' Tank.

It was on the next evening that she looked for her brothers home. She had the best supper she knew how to prepare waiting for them. She sat in the cabin door and watched the creek trail.

Instead of her four brothers, Albert Cooke came in! And with him was old Preacher Longley Thrash and two old women—for witnesses, no doubt! Sister rose and went to her room, where she stood, pale and silent, and watched them enter the yard. The big voice of the old mountain preacher hailed her—he had seen her thru the window.

She went to the door. "What're you a-doin' up here, Albert Cooke?" she asked in a small voice.

"I've come home," smiled Albert Cooke; and his eyes were very, very bright.

"Sister, please bring a glass o' water," requested Longley Thrash.

Sister brought the water. Longley Thrash removed his hat, sprinkled some of the water on Sister's head, and christened her Elizabeth!

"You couldn't be married without a reel name, Sister—I mean, a course, Elizabeth," smiled Thrash.

"I had to have a name on the license," said Albert Cooke. "It was the finest name I knew. Do you like it?"

"Wait!" cried Sister. "Wait! Albert, for goodness' sake, I cain't marry you and leave my brothers! Oh, please go, Albert—you cain't never know——"

Longley Thrash interrupted her with a kindly laugh. "Well, I do declar'!" exclaimed he. "Albert, she hain't found it out yit! Don't you think you'd better tell her?"

"Let me explain," said Cooke, taking a step toward Sister. "When your brothers were set free, I told them that you and I were going to be married. They wouldn't believe it until they saw me buy the license. And when I had bought the license, each of your brothers bought one—my dear. They've all had sweethearts for years, and wouldn't marry because they didn't want to leave you! Sister, you have faithfully kept your trust. But your life is your own now."

"Yes—and yores," said Elizabeth Bayden, as she gave her right hand to Albert and faced the old preacher.

* * *

GOING IN FOR SOCIETY.

"There's one thing we're going to start this season," spoke up Trimmer to Mrs. Trimmer, after the evening meal had been consumed, "and that is we're going to go out more. This thing of sitting around home all the time can be overdone.

"From now on," he added, "we're going around among people and to the theater occasionally. We've been sticking around here evenings, getting old before our time. It's up to us to ginger up a bit and get out to see our friends more, or we won't have any friends. It makes people all go to seed to stay in their shells week in and week out. From now on we're going to operate on a different system."

"I've often thought the same thing," agreed Mrs. Trimmer, "but I supposed that you preferred being at home in the evening. Lot's of times I've wanted to go out, but didn't like to suggest it when you seemed so comfortable at home and so interested in your papers."

"Well, there's evidently been some misunderstanding," said Trimmer, agreeably, "for I don't like anything better than to have an evening of social diversion now and then. It's just what I need. Man's a social being, and if he doesn't enjoy the society of other people occasionally, outside of business hours, there's something more or less abnormal about him, that's all."

"We'd better take in the Bronsons' musicale, then," suggested Mrs. Trimmer. "It's a week from tomorrow night, and we're sure to be invited. Mrs. Bronson was saying something about it the other day."

"All right," said Trimmer, "but I was just about to say that I had tickets for the theater tomorrow night. So don't make any other plans.

Trimmer remarked that he'd had a rather strenuous day when he got home the next evening. After supper he lay down on the lounge.

"We'd better be getting ready if we want to be at the theater on time," suggested Mrs. Trimmer shortly after seven o'clock.

"Huh!" grunted Trimmer, with a yawn. "This is the night we were going to the show, isn't it? Well, get your things on, and I'll be ready when you are."

Mrs. Trimmer hastened to obey.

"Somebody was telling me," remarked Trimmer, as they were leaving the flat, "that the show isn't much good after all. I'm not as keen about it as I was."

Then they went on and waited for the car.

After dinner, one week later, Trimmer put on his slippers, got into an old lounging coat, and leaned back in the big morris chair with a satisfied expression while he looked over the paper. A few minutes later he went over and got a couple of his pipes off the center table and started to clean them up.

"This always used to be my favorite smoke—this pipe right here," he confided to Mrs. Trimmer, "but it's got so caked up lately it'll scarcely draw at all. Now's a good time to clean it up. Then, after I get it into shape I've got a magazine with a couple of cracking good stories that I want to read to you."

"You'll scarcely have time to do all that, will you?" inquired Mrs. Trimmer, smiling. "You know this is the night of the Bronsons' musicale. It's about time for you to put on your dress suit. I've got everything laid out for you."

"What's that?" Trimmer looked up, startled. "Musicale, you say? Haven't you been a little previous in accepting invitations to such things without consulting me? You know very well how I stand on trotting around in the evening in a dress suit. When I get thru work at the office I want to come home and rest. Rest, mind you. That's what I want to do. And it isn't much rest for me to go chasing about with a lot of pinheads that imagine they're deriving enjoyment out of that kind of so-called classical stuff they play at these musicale things.

"There isn't one person in four hundred," stormed Trimmer, "that really likes to sit and look pleased over the teedle-de-dum stuff that they label classical. But they make an awful bluff about fairly doting on just such highbrow vocal and instrumental palaver. Mush!

"Where'd you get the idea that I was willing to be dragged out to such affairs as that, anyway? I'd have to talk to a lot of light weights that don't know enough to carry nuts to a squirrel. I never saw one of those society people yet who could pass an entrance examination to a night school.

"What? I said we ought to go out more? Did, eh? Oh, yes, and I suppose I had just such an affair as this musicale in mind, too. That sounds about like me. Yes! Nice spirit on your part to take advantage of a chance remark of mine that I was willing to go out in the evening with you once in a while—if I did say such a thing.

"Oh, well, I suppose I'm up against it now. We'll have to go to the infernal thing. But it does seem a pity that a man can't have an evening of quiet and rest now and then."

* * *

Her Answer.

A certain judge, somewhat famed for the prolixity and subtlety of his reasoning, looked at a confused and bewildered witness, while his face took on the most benign expression as he endeavored to straighten out the question which had been propounded by counsel.

"Now, my good woman," he said, cheerfully and reassuringly, "you have only to answer in the fewest possible words these simple queries: Whether when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the stage was coming down on the right, and the cab on the left, and the brougham was trying to pass the stage, you saw the plaintiff between the brougham and cab, or the brougham and the stage, whether he seemed in haste, and which one of the three cabs coming from the other direction he appeared to you to be hailing?"

The now thoroly bewildered witness wiped her spectacles and meekly made answer:

"Yes, your honor!"

* * *

Hard to Drop.

The art of prevarication, vulgarly known as lying, is, when once well cultivated, a most difficult accomplishment to drop.

It was so that a young fellow who was pushed into a business to keep him out of mischief had found it.

His employer had also found it out, and he was severely admonishing him as to the evils that resulted from such wickedness as lying.

"It is very bad," he was concluding.

"Sir," said the young man, indignantly, "I would have you know that I am a gentleman."

"'Pon my word, I never knew such a chap! There you go again."

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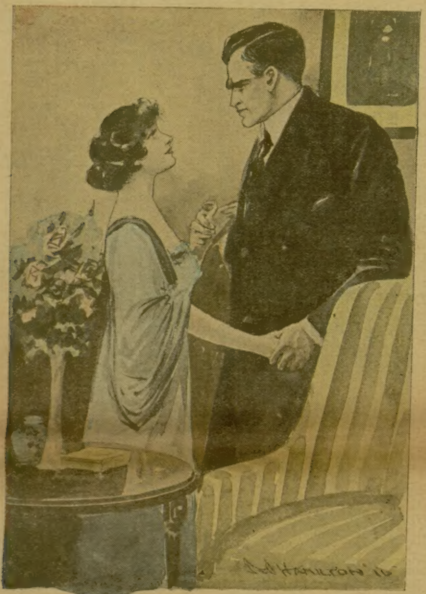

"These things have made it possible to save him!"

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CHAPTER VII.

THE taxi in which the detective and the man in the uniform of a policeman—known to Syde as Blake and to the man's friends as Gardner—sped on over the now rough roads. It was several minutes before Blake's fingers were withdrawn from the detective's throat, but as the most Syde did to extricate himself from the grasp of the other was to make weak motions with apparently listless hands, the man in blue became disgusted, wondering, then relieved.

"Wash matter?" gurgled Ti, as soon as he was able to speak at all. "Wash matter wish you?"

The man in blue struck a match and gazed down at the form of the detective huddled in a corner of the seat. He saw there an almost lifeless figure, the arms hanging limp, but an occasional aimless waving of the hands disclosed slight evidences of life.

The eyes were closed, but now, in the glow of the tiny flame they opened a bit, and rolling eyeballs attempted to fix their gaze on Blake. But the detective made no attempt to rise.

"What are you doing in this cab?" exclaimed the man in blue.

"Cab? What cab?" came the maudlin question.

"This cab—my taxi," responded Blake, frowning.

"Ain't in any cab," declared Ti, and the voice was the voice of one far gone under the influence of drink. "Thish my room in hotel. Whash you doing here?"

The match had burned out and all was darkness now. Blake could not see the detective's hand steal into a pocket of his trousers, take therefrom a small flask, unscrew the top, and then place the bottle to his lips. But, a second later, he could smell the strong odor of whisky, and his sniff of disgust was audible to Ti, to whose face in the darkness came a smile of satisfaction.

"So you took my cab for your room, eh?" he questioned incredulously.

"Get out, you," snapped back Ti, "an' lemme sleep!"

There was a long silence, and the regular, audible breathing of the detective was plainly evidence of satisfying sleep. The hand of the man in blue now stole into the little receptacle where, beneath the papers, the little object which had come from the throat of Helen Hayden lay apparently undisturbed.

A sigh of relief came from Blake as his fingers closed over the thing, but, taking no chances, he struck another match, and turning his back to Syde, took a good look at the jewel, his body between it and the detective.

"Safe!" he ejaculated aloud.

Ti Syde did not move. His breathing was not interrupted, and after a moment of indecision Blake replaced the gem, then spoke to the chauffeur. The car came to a halt, and Ti turned to assume a more comfortable position.

"When did this fellow get in the car?" asked Blake of the driver.

"I—I haven't any idea," was the surly response.

"I'll see that you don't go to sleep on the job again," growled Blake. "Drive on till you come to a street lamp, and let me get a good look at him."

The man did as he was bidden, and in a few minutes the machine was standing beneath the yellow light of an old-fashioned lamp. Now Blake stood long gazing down at the man apparently sleeping so soundly. And never was sleep simulated more perfectly. The deep lines in the detective's face, which altered his face completely from the face of the man who had appeared in the studio, did not tremble or disclose the fact that they were the result of perfectly trained facial muscles. No grease paint was necessary for this detective to alter his appearance completely. And no grease paint was there. His hair was rumpled and his collar crushed. The suit he wore, tho well made, Blake had never seen before, and its appearance told plainly the story of a man of the better class suffering the effects of a prolonged drunk.

"Blamed if I know what to do," muttered Blake to himself. "He sure is drunk all right. I can smell the whisky. The jewel is safe—and I'm dashed if I'll take him back to the house and have those others laugh at me, or perhaps worse, for running the risk of leaving the jewel here, and then finding some one in the cab where he could get hold of it. But I don't like it—I don't like it!"

He took Ti by the arm. No result except a grunt. A more severe shaking brought a semblance of consciousness and a frown to the detective's face. Then followed a look of utter imbecility.

"What's your name, fellow?" ~~he ask~~ed.

"Wash yours?" mumbled Syde.

"Never mind what mine is," and Blake's anger was reflected in his voice. "You're drunk."

Again Ti Syde's eyes closed, and again sleep seemed to come to him, but his mind was active. And from what followed it may be seen that, clever and far-seeing as he was, he did not belong to that class of detectives of whom much has been written, but little seen, to whom no accidents ever happen, or who never made a mistake.

For at this moment, as the light from the lamp outside and above shone into the taxi, a small object dropped from the detective's pocket making the faintest of noises as it struck the floor of the vehicle.

Like a flash Blake was upon it. He picked it up and held it for just an instant in his hand, as to his consciousness came a realization of what that little object meant.

For the thing that he held in his hands—the thing that had dropped from the pocket of Ti Syde, was a little electric searchlight, the possession of which, under these circumstances,

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strongly indicated Syde's calling—a detecter of criminals.

CHAPTER VIII.

WITH the thud of the searchlight on the floor of the taxi, Syde opened his eyes. Quick he was to see what had happened and to recognize the ill-fortune that had overtaken him. But quicker still was he to realize that it would be only a question of seconds before Blake would know that he was what he was, and would call to his assistance the chauffeur in an attempt to overcome the man that had found his way into the cab—the man that evidently was on his trail.

And Syde's brain worked more speedily than that of the clever criminal with whom he had to deal. Blake was still gazing down at the searchlight and coming to the hasty conclusion that the man whom he had thought to be drunk, was not intoxicated at all, but was the one person in the world whom it would be most dangerous to allow to get away with the knowledge that he might have gained already.

And just as the man in blue was about to grab once more the throat of the detective, Ti Syde leaped to his feet, shot forward a powerful fist straight to the point of Blake's jaw, caught the body of the latter as it sagged to the floor, and then laid the unconscious man back upon the seat.

Silently as this had been accomplished, the chauffeur had sensed danger to his employer, and as Syde straightened up after depositing Blake on the seat, he was met by a well-planted blow from the man just darting thru the open door of the taxi. Taken absolutely by surprise, Syde fell back, striking his head against the inside of the cab, but the chauffeur was in no position to follow up his advantage immediately.

He struggled thru the door, just as the stars had begun to disappear from the detective's horizon, and just a second too late to finish the work he had begun so satisfactorily to himself. For now Ti Syde was ready for the big fellow, and his judgment of distance was *not marred by the poor light of the difficulties under which he labored. Another fierce, chopping uppercut went straight home; the chauffeur's knees wobbled, and he grasped instinctively the support of the door behind him, without which he would have fallen.*

But two blows were not to settle the battle. The man on the seat stirred, grasped the situation, with his criminal brain still befogged, and, unable to rise immediately, threw himself forward, his arms clasping the legs of Ti Syde. With all his strength he held, while gradually his brain cleared. And the chauffeur, morally strengthened by this display on the part of Blake, gathered himself together for another attack.

But Ti Syde had played football. His knees were used to resisting onslaughts of opposing tacklers, and now from long practice they straightened; another blow to Blake's jaw brought back the old numbness of brain, and the arms loosened while their owner dropped to the floor, his neck twisted beneath his body.

Once the chauffeur's knuckles caught the detective just above the eye, and then Ti's strong arms encircled his opponent's body, rendering powerless the great strength of the chauffeur.

"There's no use in making any more disturbance," murmured the detective. "Your friend is dead to the world, and —I hate to hit you again."

"You haven't got anything on me," returned the chauffeur, sullenly. "I didn't know what you were doing to my fare. I don't know him, and ain't mixed up in anything with him. What are you? A bull?"

"Is it quiet, or another row?" queried Ti, gently, slipping his right arm, with a movement so quick and unexpected that the big man could not prevent it, around the chauffeur's neck in a half-nelson.

"Sure, it ain't nothin' to me what you do with him," he gasped, when the detective loosened his hold enough to allow him to talk. "I'll drive you anywhere you want to go."

"He's a believer in looking out for number one," smiled the detective to himself. Then, aloud, "All right, get out there to your place, but please remember that I'm watching you."

Ti dropped his arms, and, quick as the cat that jumps to kill, the chauffeur turned on him again. But in the second between release and turning, the detective's hand had traveled to his pocket, and now pressing against the big man's side was the small, round barrel of an automatic revolver.

"As I said," resumed Ti, "you must remember I'm watching you."

As from habit the chauffeur's hands went high in the air as he turned sullenly and stepped to the sidewalk, then climbed back into his seat behind the wheel of the car, Ti Syde close to him.

"He's been arrested before, probably many times," was the detective's mental comment as he noted the quickness with which the man's hands had been held on high.

Now Syde took from his pocket the unusually thin but strong handcuffs without which he never started out on a case.

"I suppose," he said to the chauffeur, "that you are clever enough to drive the car by using only one hand on the wheel?"

"Nobody's got anything on me drivin' cars," came the boasting response.

"Glad to hear that," returned Ti, as very quickly he fastened the handcuffs about one wrist of the other, clasping the other part of the cuff to the steering wheel. "I presume that you will have to drive slowly," he went on, "but you have your other hand for the clutch, and I guess you can manage it—especially as you know that I shall be sitting back here with your friend, and I'll have this little plaything in my hand all the time." He just indicated the automatic which he carried as he stepped to the walk and then entered the tonneau, taking a seat beside the still unconscious Blake, whom he raised from the floor.

"Now," Ti went on, "drive ahead and follow my instructions."

The engine had not stopped all this time, and at the detective's command the car shot forward. In the brain of the chauffeur many schemes for circumventing the detective's plans were hastily formed, only to be abandoned when there came to him the memory of the strength which had held him powerless, and the tone of the voice which he obeyed instinctively. Some way he felt that it would be absolutely useless to try to beat this man at his own game, and, furthermore, he had little to fear from his point of view. As he had said, the detective had nothing on him, no matter how much he might have against the man in the tonneau.

Ti's directions were given quickly and sharply, and the chauffeur followed them implicitly, driving slowly to save his own neck if some sudden emergency should come up.

And Ti's arm was thru Blake's. He knew he would be able to feel the twitch of the muscles as soon as consciousness began to come to him, no matter how much the prisoner might try to deceive him.

They had not gone far when that signal was given. Just the faintest trembling of a muscle, and Ti knew that the man's brain was at work. With returning consciousness came also the memory of what had happened, and the first will-directed action was a start, an attempt to rise, and a muttered oath.

But Syde's right hand, almost crushing into the bone of Blake's arm, nipped his impulse in the bud, and Syde's words spoken with that convincing quality that was so characteristic of the detective, impelled the man in blue back into his seat.

"I've got a little gun here, besides a bit of strength," said Ti. "Now what in the world is the use of making any fuss? Your friend the chauffeur is fastened so that he can't help you. Now use your brain, and save your attempts to get out of this till you see some better chance. I'll give you this encouragement. I'm not going to take you to any prison cell."

The taxi was now running thru the residence part of the city, making good speed, and Syde glanced suddenly out of the window. "Here we are," he added, as he spoke quickly to the chauffeur. "I'd hate to have to use this gun, Blake."

The taxi came to a halt, and at the silent urging of the detective, Blake alighted and passed up the steps of the handsome residence indicated by Ti. Just a second he paused before stepping to the walk, and Syde knew that his hand had started to reach out in the direction of the hiding-place of Miss Hayden's gem. But he evidently thought better of it, and left the cab without further demonstration.

Syde's key opened the door, and a spoken word brought almost immediately an extremely tall, powerfully built man, who stood waiting orders from the detective. No surprise was expressed by him.

"Take this gentleman up to the blue room, Dick," said Ti, "and see that he has something to eat if he is hungry. Please have him made comfortable for the night, as he is to be my guest."

Dick did not touch the man in blue, but one look at him seemed sufficient to impress on the prisoner that resistance would be useless. So both passed up the stairs, while Ti returned to the taxi, unlocked the handcuffs, and directed the chauffeur up the steps. Then on to the second floor and into a great library, luxuriously furnished with everything a student could desire, they moved, Ti speaking quietly meanwhile.

"I'm not going to ask you any questions," he said to the chauffeur. "I just want you to stay here for a day or two until this little matter is straightened out. You will be made comfortable, and if you are not connected with the thing in which I am interested, no annoyance will come to you." The detective motioned the other to a great easy chair, then pressed one of five buttons ranged along the edge of the table that occupied the center of the room.

Another tall, strong-looking young man appeared almost immediately, and stood waiting in almost the same attitude as Dick had done in the hall below.

"This young man will be your charge, Joe," smiled Syde. "Take him to the green room, and I'm afraid that you'll have to keep watch over him all the time—I don't want him to get out and do any talking. See that he has everything, but don't leave him."

The stately room gave out the atmosphere of quiet good breeding, and even the chauffeur seemed impressed by it as he followed his guard into the hall. Then Ti hurried past them and entered a room at the end of the hall, where he found Dick and Blake, the former patient—almost bored; the latter sullenly thinking.

"I believe, Blake," said Ti, "that you are a man of sense. You know very well that I would not bring you here and then let you go. You'll stay here tonight, and I trust to your good sense not to try to get away—so I shan't bother about watching you very strenuously. With your chauffeur it is different. Make yourself comfortable. Your dinner will be brought to you here."

With an almost imperceptible sign to Dick the detective left the room, passed down the stairs, and out to the taxi standing in front of the house. From the little receptacle inside he took the jewel, still hidden by the papers, and placed it in his pocket.

Inside the mansion again, he went at once to the library. A touch on one of the electric buttons was his first move; then, from a drawer he took an arrangement much resembling the receiver which public telephone operators wear on their heads. This he donned just as Dick entered.

"All right, Dick," said Syde. "I'll have to have my dinner brought up here. Will you see to it?"

"Certainly, Mr. Syde," replied the big man, turning and leaving the room.

In a few minutes the detective sat down at the small table near the door, on which a man in the dress of a butler had arranged his dinner. The detective's movements were a bit hampered, as, attached to the arrangement which he wore over his head, was a wire which ran loosely over the floor, then to the wall, disappearing therein.

This, however, did not seem to interfere with his enjoyment of his meal, and he read the evening paper as he ate. Dick appeared shortly after he had finished, in response to another pressure of the table button.

"Grant Grange, movie actor," began Ti. "Here are instructions," and he handed the big man a card on which he had been making notations just before Dick's appearance. "Attend to that yourself. I can find him myself at the studio tomorrow, but I want a report about tonight."

After Dick's disappearance Ti, still wearing the telephone arrangement over his ears, settled himself in a comfortable chair and was soon busy over the study of a small volume of fine printed matter, bound in flexible covers.

And in the room at the end of the hall Blake, too, had finished a very good dinner which the same butler had served him. Now he was stretched on the wide bed, his brain pondering over the strange situation in which he was placed.

Thus the hours passed. Street sounds were no longer heard, and Blake's eyes closed. Presently, accustomed to excitement and impervious to it as he was, sleep came to him.

In the front library Ti Syde, too, slept. He had dropped his book, but the telephone-like arrangement still fitted his ears. Not a sound was to be heard in the house. Every one, seemingly, had retired.

Suddenly Blake's eyes opened. For a second he seemed not to know where he was. Then it came back, and a frown crossed his brow. He sat up and listened. The sense of the late hour came to him. He moved noiselessly from the bed to the door and listened again. Now he placed his hand on the knob, turned it carefully, and opened it just a crack.

It was at this moment that the telephone in the library rang out its call. Ti Syde was awake instantly. A slight frown came to his face as he took the receiver from its hook and spoke low.

"Yes," he almost whispered. "Dick?"

For a moment he listened. Then: "Safe at home, you say? All right. Camp outside and keep on Grange's trail. But first 'phone Ed here at the house—his private 'phone, and tell him

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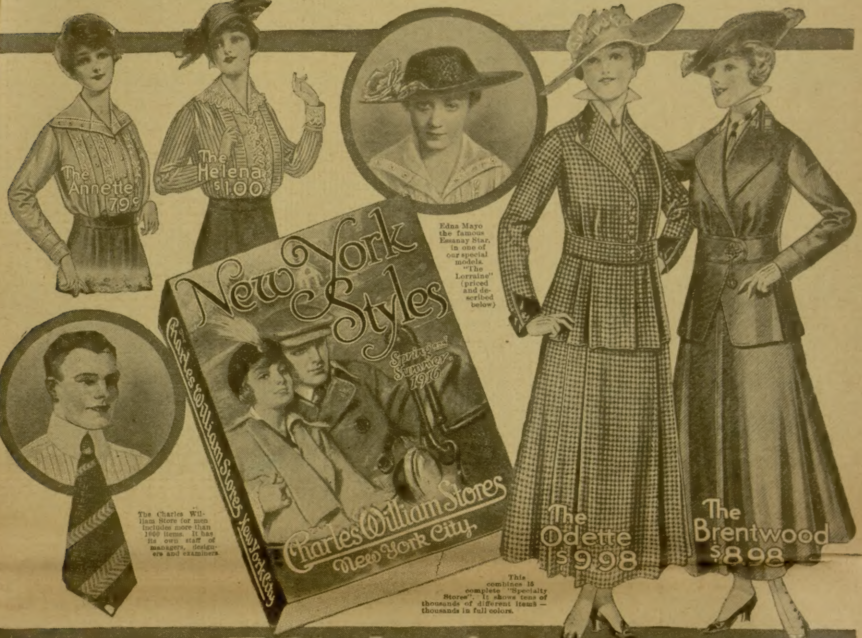

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THE PRIMROSE—Dress of Percale—very serviceable. The belt, the front trimming and the square collar are of plaid and the collar is edged with narrow lace. State size and color. Sizes 6 to 14 years. No. 3924A100, Blue; No. 3924A101, Pink; No. 3924A102, Tan. Prepaid 49c each............2 for 95c

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THE HELENA—Blouse of tub silk, with embroidered Organdy vestee, collar and cuffs. V-neck. A wide plait on either side of vestee gives fulness to the blouse. Sizes 32 to 44 inch bust. State size and color. No. 3924A106, Copenhagen stripe; No. 3924A107, Pink stripe; No. 3924A108, Lavender stripe. Prepaid $1.00

THE LORRAINE—Bewitching spring hat, with the new jet crown and net brim. The large crimson rose trimming is very smart. All black with the rose in American beauty color or black crown with white brim and American beauty rose. State color. No. 3916A16. Prepaid $3.50

THE ODETTE—Suit of Shepherd Check. Skirt is made in flare style with slightly raised waistline. Back is shirred and front is made with four side plaits, stitched hip length, to give fullness. Belted coat lined with satin. Collar and cuffs of black Satin with blue piping and small buttons. Sizes: Misses, 16, 18 and 20 years; Women's 34 to 44 inch bust. State size. No. 399R607. Prepaid $9.98

THE BRENTWOOD—Suit of all-wool serge. Flare skirt with center plait and gathered in back under a loose belt. Belted coat trimmed with the Serge and Silk Braid in fancy design. Coat collar is plaid silk. Silk braid on sleeves to simulate cuffs. Coat lined with heavy satin. Sizes: Misses 16, 18 and 20 years. Women's 34 to 44 inch bust. State size and color. No. 399A604, Navy Blue; No. 399A605, Black; No. 399A606, Brown. Prepaid $8.98

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to get just outside this place right off. Your man is up and is going to try to get away. I'll make noises in here for a little while so that he'll wait till everything is quiet again. That will give Ed time to get out to the taxi. Tell him to trail me, and I'll be shadowing Blake. I wanted him to try to get away. I'm curious to see what he does and where he goes. Quick, now!"

Ti hung up the receiver and began to move about the room, humming snatches of a popular song. The peculiar arrangement was once again on his ears as he continued to "stall" to give his assistant time to obey the orders that he himself could not give without arousing Blake's suspicions, but which he could give thru Dick, miles away.

Meanwhile Blake remained motionless

by the slightly open door at the end of the hall. He heard the ringing of the 'phone, but could not catch Ti's words to his assistant. When he heard the detective walking about the room, Blake closed the door once more, making not the slightest sound. Then he moved to the bed, opened the covers, and, dressed as he was, crawled in, pulling the clothes far up about his neck.

"I'll have to wait," he frowned to himself. "Fool! Did he think that I'd stay here like an idiot all night? I must be on the watch for some trick. But I guess he thinks he's so wise that he has guessed me right."

Even with the door closed he could still hear the detective moving about in the library, and could catch an occasional word of the ballad Ti was singing—singing for his benefit had he but known it.

But this sound did not last long. In perhaps half an hour all was quiet again, and again Blake moved to the door. Long he stood there, but no sound came to disturb his mind, and finally, with a look of determination on his face, the man in blue pulled his door open boldly and, with the skill of one long practiced, darted down the stairs to the front door. This he opened, and fairly leaped down the steps to the taxi, which still stood in front of the house.

The instant Blake had left his room Ti Syde threw the telephone arrangement from his head, seized a long light overcoat and cloth hat that had been lying on a chair in readiness for just such an emergency, and ran to his own door. Light as had been the footsteps of the man in blue as he darted down the stairs, the ear of the detective had caught the sound. And gentle as had been the closing of the front door behind Blake, Ti Syde had heard it, also.

Down the stairs followed Syde, and, opening the door slightly, he was able to see in the gray dawn of the morning, the man in a policeman's uniform just entering the taxi. There at the door the [illegible] waited, while, feverish with fear, Blake [illegible] for the jewel he had risked so much to gain.

A moment's search told him that the gem was gone, but apparently it took him more than a moment to decide upon his future course. Nor had he reached a decision when he emerged and started to run down the street.

No one was about, and the light was not yet bright enough to render risky Syde's next move. Like a flash he was after the man in blue, but the latter had no more than reached the corner of the street before Ti slowed down to walk, keeping close to the houses to make the possibility of detection less likely. Blake had halted at that corner and stepped into a vestibule of a saloon. He had not seen Ti, nor had he seen the tall figure that was hidden behind the taxi when he had emerged from the detective's home.

And now Ti waited, one eye on the vestibule of the saloon, the other upon the figure approaching from the direction of his home.

"All right, Ed," he said, as the other came up to him, "keep on our trail. If I leave the man in the uniform of a cop, you stick to him. Never mind what I do. He thinks we'd never look for him so near my house—or else his craving for a drink is awful."

The tall man passed on, and Ti, knowing the various entrances of the saloon into the doorway of which Blake had disappeared, took a position whence he could watch them all.

The minutes passed. The light of day grew stronger, until at last from many parts of the city came whistles denoting the hour when the places of refreshment were allowed to open their doors. And still Ti waited.

The moment the door of the saloon had opened, Blake had pushed his way into the place. The sleepy porter, wondering at the sight of a policeman entering at that hour, stood aside while Blake took a seat.

"Hard night," said the man in blue. "Give me a big drink of whisky. I've been on special duty up here, and am just going to bed."

The man brought Blake his drink to the table at which he had seated himself, and the man in blue gulped it down as if it had saved his life. Nor did he wait long before repeating the dose. Whisky after whisky he drank, much as a starving man bolts his food, and when he rose to leave the place his steps were unsteady, his eyes glazed.

But by the time Blake had walked several blocks into a rather disreputable part of the city, he had gained the outward appearance, at least, of a man perfectly sober, and when he entered the store over which hung the sign "Second Hand Clothing," the proprietor of the place, who had just unlocked the door of the shop, failed to see anything the matter with the seeming policeman who addressed him.

"Give me as decent a suit as you have," said Blake. "I'm off for my vacation today, and want something that I can rough it in."

Ti Syde, just outside, and Ed, a little farther up the street, were alert and watching every action of the man in blue.

Blake donned the very decent-looking suit that the man showed him, and waited while his uniform was placed in a box. With this under his arm he emerged presently, jumped on a car, and was soon being carried in the direction of the studio, where, the preceding day, he had appeared as an "extra man." And on the same car, caught by dint of great spurt, were Ti Syde and his assistant, the latter, at Ti's quick direction, standing on the rear platform in such a position that the detective was hidden from the view of Blake.

Two blocks from the studio Blake alighted, and walked rapidly across town. In front of a modest apartment house he stopped, then rang one of the bells and mounted the stairs to the second floor. For several minutes he waited impatiently and a bit unsteadily, for, now inside a dwelling where the air was warmer than that of the early morning outside, the fumes of the whisky he had taken began to mount his brain, and roused again the wild plans which had led him to this house.

Presently he heard footsteps inside the door. He braced himself for the coming interview, eyes and befuddled brain intent on what he was to say and do, with no thought to anything behind him.

And as he waited there, singleminded, Ti Syde, to whom his intoxicated condition had been apparent the moment he had emerged from the saloon, crept up the stairs, halted, and, hidden by the stair-rail, watched for the opening of the door.

Now it came. The knob turned; Blake held himself steady; the door opened a foot, and in that opening appeared the sweet face of Grant Grange's friend, little Madge.

CHAPTER IX.

TI SYDE'S great wisdom came from the realization of how little, after all, the wisest of men really know. For that reason he seldom trusted to his judgment of faces. But he also realized that there are a few countenances the truth and honesty of which it is impossible to doubt. And his memory of faces was almost uncanny.

On the preceding afternoon in the studio, when he had been called to investigate the theft of Miss Hayden's jewel, he had scanned the faces of the crowd of extra people and members of the stock company standing about the door of Helen Hayden's dressing-room. Among them he had seen little Madge, and the sweetness and purity of her expression had made a decided impression upon him.

So at the moment when she opened the door to answer the ring of Blake, and Ti saw her once more, he remembered instantly, and had he been in the habit of allowing anything connected with a "case" to surprise him, his consternation would have been overwhelming.

But tho he took the sight as being all in the day's work, the vision of her as she opened the door farther and allowed the criminal to enter made his subsequent course easy. Here, for once, he knew that he could trust to his judgment of a face, and he straightway proceeded to act on that determination.

Scarce had the door closed behind Blake when Ti slipped back down the stairs and beckoned to the watchful Ed, waiting near.

"I don't know just how things will turn out," he said to his assistant, "but I shall probably let Blake go, and shall call on the person whom he has gone in to see. If you see Blake come out and I am not following him, follow him yourself, and don't lose sight of him. If there is any danger of that, arrest him. But don't do this unless you are compelled to."

Having given these hurried instructions, Syde mounted the stairs once more, this time passing to the floor above whence he could see the door of Madge's apartment, but where he would not be apt to be seen by the man when he emerged.

For a little over half an hour he waited, at the end of which time he was rewarded far beyond his expectations. Blake came out of the apartment, and Madge stood in the door. Ti could hear every word that was spoken, and could see the play of the beautiful girl's face as she uttered her ultimatum.

"I'll do this for you," she said, "but it is the last thing that I shall ever do. I never want to see you again, and I shall warn him against you."

"You aren't like you used to be, Madge," muttered Blake, whose condition was no better than it had been when he had entered the house. Then he passed down the stairs and out of sight of the detective. But Ti knew that Ed would be on his trail.

As soon as Blake had gone, Syde descended and rang the bell of the apartment. And Madge, almost in tears, again opened the door, a troubled, inquiring look on her pretty face.

"I want to talk to you," said Ti, quietly. "I realize that you have just had rather an unpleasant experience, but I believe that you can and will help me."

"Oh," cried the girl, "what is all this that is happening today? Who are you, sir."

"I am the detective whom Mr. Bray employed to trace Miss Hayden's jewel," returned," returned Ti. "I recognized you as one of the actresses, and would like to ask you a few questions. It is against my rule to rely on people's information—but I am paying you the compliment of believing that what you tell me will be the truth."

Hesitatingly the girl opened the door wider and led the detective into the little parlor. She was wearing some sort of negligee, evidently having been aroused by Blake's early call, but neither she nor Ti seemed to think of the unconventionality of the situation.

"I know nothing about the theft," said the girl, "but I would be very glad to help you find the gem for Miss Hayden—tho I don't——" She stopped abruptly, but it did not need a very clever observer to gather the purport of what she was about to say. It is very difficult for women to conceal their true feelings toward one considered a rival, from a keen observer. Ti Syde became interested at once.

"Will you tell me why that man just came to see you?" Ti asked, coming straight to the point.

"I don't see that he has anything to do with the theft of the gem," replied the girl. "I used to know Mr. Gardner very well—before—before he—changed his manner of living. In fact, he considered me one of his very best friends when I was quite a young girl. He came today—oh, sir, I do hope that you are a gentleman and won't ask me to go into that!"

Ti's attitude changed at once. No one, much less an innocent young girl, could have doubted his sympathetic understanding. He leaned forward and spoke earnestly.

"Please believe me when I tell you that it is quite necessary for me to know this," returned the detective, and the girl's eyes were upon his face as he spoke. "Whatever you say that does not concern the case will be forgotten, and should your information be of importance, I know that you would want me to have it. In other words I believe that you have nothing to conceal."

Madge shuddered at the very suggestion. Then she spoke quickly.

"Mr. Gardner told me that he was in trouble and wanted to get away from the city, but that he had no money," she said. "He is to have some in a few days, and said that he would return it to me. I had none to give him—it is all that mother and I can do to get along on what we have. Then he was greatly troubled, thought a long time, and finally asked me to do him another favor, which I consented to do—tho I hated to."

"Yes," interposed Ti, "I heard you promise at the door."

"It was to see Mr. Grant Grange—he is an actor at the studio, you know—and persuade him to meet Mr. Gardner. He said that he would not be able to do it over the telephone, for Grant would not see him. He knew—Mr. Gardner knew," and the girl was unable to hide the blush that came to her cheeks, tho she looked away, avoiding Ti's eyes, "he knew that Mr. Grange and I were great friends, and that I would be able to get him to see Mr. Gardner—if only as a favor to me." So I promised."

"Where are they to meet?" asked Sdye.

"Grant is sure to be free between

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twelve and one o'clock," replied Madge, "and I—I guess I can arrange it." She then gave the detective the street and number of a certain saloon near the studio as the meeting-place. "But I am sure," she added, "that Grant will have nothing to do with him. He's—Mr. Gardner has been drinking today, and it seemed to me that his trouble had made him sort of out of his head. And Grant isn't his kind of a man at all. Grant is——" Her eyes were glowing, and the detective, watching her keenly, sensed her feeling for the actor at once.

It was awful to be obliged to do it, but Syde felt that the time for action had come. For a moment he remained silent, watching the blush fade from the fair face before him; waiting till the big eyes should turn to his again.

"What would you say," he began very slowly, "if I were to tell you that Grant Grange would probably be accused of stealing Miss Hayden's jewel?"

For a moment one could have heard a pin drop, so intense was the silence. Madge's great eyes stared at the detective, amazement, wonder, incredulity there; then contempt, disgust and finally hatred. She rose slowly from her chair and moved toward the door.

"I guess," she said slowly, "that we have talked long enough. I guess that you can go."

The smile that came to Ti's face was not mirthful. Honest perplexity was there as he, too, rose and stood before the girl.

"If you are as confident as all that of Grant Grange's honesty, you certainly will have no hesitancy in helping me bring the theft home to the right person," said the detective, and his manner was as sincere as hers had been. "You know that he could not be guilty of such a crime. And yet I know, absolutely, that the jewel was in his possession after he went into his dressing-room. I can tell you no more than that. If you want to help me find the real thief, you will answer my questions."

Again the girl's big eyes searched the heart of the detective before her. Young and small as she was, there was evidently great determination and a capability of decision in her character.

Suddenly she faced Ti again. "I shall answer any questions you may ask," she replied earnestly, "not because I doubt Grant's honesty, or to help you fasten any such ridiculous charge on him, but because I know that all that will be necessary to clear him of suspicion in your mind, if you are honest as I believe you are, will be to know the truth. There is nothing I can tell you, but I will answer your questions—out of loyalty to Grant."

"Were you with Grant Grange and Miss Hayden when she was last seen wearing the jewel?" asked Ti, quickly, as tho fearing that the girl would change her mind.

"I was in the scene when she wore it," responded Madge. "And I saw them as they passed upstairs to the dressing-rooms."

"Was Mr. Gardner, as you call him, at the studio that day?"

"I have never seen Mr. Gardner there. He's never been there that I know of," and the girl looked inquiringly at Ti.

"It is a fact, however," returned Syde, "that he has been there as an 'extra' man. He never appeared without some sort of make-up on, and that's probably the reason you did not recognize him. But they called him Blake at the studio."

"I—I didn't know. But it is possible."

"And then you wouldn't know if he ever talked with Mr. Grange there?" Ti went on. "Now, tell me just what you saw of Mr. Grange and Miss Hayden after they had left the studio, Miss Hayden still wearing the jewel."

"Nothing," replied Madge. "They talked as they walked along to the stairs, and then disappeared up above."

"Try to recall anything, no matter how unimportant, that happened before they were out of your sight."

Madge smiled, a bit wistfully. "I am—I like Mr. Grange—we are very good friends," she said, almost in a whisper, "and—oh, you'll think that I am a silly girl. I didn't see anything—it wouldn't help you at all."

"Please, please let me be the judge of that," returned Ti. "And I promise that I shall not think you a silly little girl."

Madge looked down and played with the handkerchief she held nervously. "I was just a bit jealous of—of the caressing way that Miss Hayden touched him. His coat caught on the railing of the stairs, and she helped him——"

The girl stopped as Ti turned to her, quite a wonderful light in his eyes. "Ah!" he exclaimed. "Go on, please."

"She helped him loosen it, and then said something very sweetly to him." The girl's face was suffused with blushes now, and she did not meet the detective's eyes.

"Then they disappeared up the stairs?" asked Ti quickly.

The girl nodded.

"And, pardon my asking it, but what are the relations between Miss Hayden and Grant Grange—how do they feel toward each other?" The voice of the detective was eager.

"That," replied Madge a bit haughtily, "is their affair, I think."

"Tell me—do go the limit, as you are a friend of Grant Grange—by that friendship, tell me how she treats him and his feeling for her."

"He," Madge's voice trembled; but Ti's kindly, believing eyes were compelling as she gazed into them, "he thinks he loves her, and she——"

"Yes—she used to be nice to him?" Ti continued her sentence where she had stopped, hesitating.

"How did you guess, sir?" she went on, excited now, thinking of her love for the man; her distrust of the woman. "Yes, she used to be nice to him, and he thought that she loved him. But it was only last night that he was here, all broken up because her manner had changed—because she had said something to him that made him feel she did not trust him—she said something that one of the 'extra' people heard—she told him, just after her jewel had been stolen that she did not trust him—him, Grant Grange, the most honest, the most true man I have ever known and ever hope to know."

She was very young. Her love for the actor, based upon his kindness to her and his unfailing sympathy in her struggle to gain recognition in the picture world, had carried the emotional little actress away. She grasped Ti's hand in both her own, and pleading, tear-dimmed eyes looked up into his. "Oh," she cried, "if you are the great man they say you are and if you know that Grant is connected with any suspicion—that he will get in trouble—find the real thief. Save him! Let me help you—let me do anything to have the knowledge that in some little way I did help him when he was in trouble!"

Gently Ti took both her hands in his; understandingly he looked down at her pleading, anxious face, and softly he spoke.

"I believe," he said slowly, "that your being where you were that afternoon—your interest in him—and what you have told me thru your trust in him—I believe that these things have made it possible for me to save him."

Madge clutched his hand passionately, then raised it to her lips.

"I am very happy!" she murmured.

The continuation of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

* * *

Trying.

"I have the highest admiration for Jugly," remarked the man who was buying the motor supplies, "but the next time he goes on the market for a second-hand automobile and asks me to assist in the purchase, our friendship will be strained, if not broken."

"You don't mean to tell me that you assisted Jugly in buying that asthmatic, neurotic vehicle he tries to drive thru the streets!" asked the motor supply dealer. "To assist him in buying a derelict like that was a fine way to show your friendship!"

"Oh, I feel guilty enough about the part I played in the deal! Every time I see him sitting dejectedly on the grimy floor of his garage with the parts of that so-called automobile spread around him I want to beg his forgiveness. Then I remember.

"When Jugly told me he wanted to invest in a second-hand car some time ago, I told him of several first-class machines my friends had to sell, and that any one of them would pass for new cars on sight. He wouldn't listen to me. He had heard of a machine out somewhere that the owner was selling 'on account of sickness.' I learned later that the man was 'sick' of looking at it. Jugly said the machine was only 17 years old, and had run not a bit over 175,750 miles. We went out there and the owner took us out for a demonstration. The car went thru all the gyrations of a locoed cow pony. It bucked and backed up, stood on its rear wheels and skidded sideways. It would get beyond control, working up to seven miles and hour on 'high,' then go so 'dead' that all the cranking in the world wouldn't start it till it was ready to go of its own accord.

"All this time I was shouting in Jugly's ear not to buy that machine. I told him that I, as an expert, knew it to have but a few more miles to run before it fell apart by the roadside. It was no use. The owner of the wreck had more influence with Jugly than I, his lifelong friend. Jugly seemed hypnotized. The owner said the machine needed but fifteen minutes' adjusting—any child could do it—and it would throw dust in the face of a 1916 model.

"By this time we were out on the boulevard, and all my friends were passing in their machines and giving me the laugh. Crowds gathered around to view the relic when we stopped, and traffic policemen threatened to arrest us when it threw up clouds of blue smoke and gave out cannonlike reports from its cracked muffler. It was a period of agony for me with the worst yet to come."

"That doesn't seem possible!"

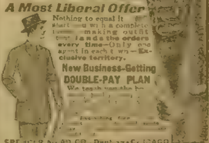
"When the owner's arms ached from holding the palsied steering wheel he asked me to drive for a block or two. That is just what I was doing when my fiancee saw me. I had told her I was going to buy a machine, so she naturally thought that she was looking at my purchase. I haven't been able to communicate with her since. I want to tell her that I have a nice roadster and that I induced Jugly, for spite, to buy that oldest specimen of auto in existence."

* * *

The True Saying.

"After all," said Kwoter, "it's a true saying that 'he laughs best who laughs last.'"

"Not at all," replied Wise. "The really true saying is: 'He laughs best whose laugh lasts.'"



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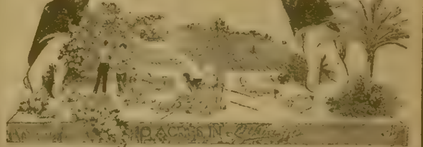

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Or, My Lady of the Wilderness

By Mason Ray

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CHAPTER XX

T[illegible] toward Lily May's house.

"For the last time," he thought. "I'll [illegible]"

Having arrived at the serpentine foot-[illegible] girl he had come to see. He inwardly raged [illegible] been enticed [illegible] grudging the minute the glade suddenly filled with people who stepped to the front like actors on a stage. At either side of Nordyke appeared two bare-throated, brawny-armed men who carried rifles swung across their shoulders. They were Jim and Pete May, brothers of the girl he had cruelly wronged. Mrs. May, with her face aflame with long weeping, and her stern-visaged husband next took places slightly to the rear. John Hawkins, the belligerent circuit rider, finally came forward, leading Lily May.

The girl was clad in the pretty white gown Madeline had designed for the holiday ball; her frightened face was of the same marble hue, and her eyes, blue as sky in June, were terror-filled. Her lips were bloodless, her soft cheek devoid of childish dimples. The only touch of color about her was the pale gold of her hair and the azure ribbon that confined the straggling curls.

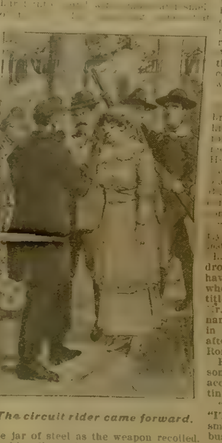
"What's the meaning of this farce?" blustered Nordyke.

"[illegible]," mildly explained John Hawkins. "Is your wedding day."

"Why, you insolent fool!" cried Nordyke, and would have struck the man's tranquil face. Instantly a double roar of musketry boomed above his head. He felt the cold steel of crossed gun barrels at his back. He knew the guns were reloaded with mechanical speed and ready for further action.

[illegible] Nordyke, his face ashen with rage.

At his last word the gun at his right [illegible]



The circuit rider came forward.

the jar of steel as the weapon recoiled. At his elbow the childish bride wept wildly with convulsive sobs.

"The position doesn't matter," commented the clergyman, "unless you make the serious mistake of attempting to move." He opened a book that he slipped from his pocket and commenced to read the marriage [illegible]

At last came the question:

"Walter Nordyke, do you take this woman, Lily, to be your wedded wife, to love and cherish her so long as you both shall live?"

"This is illegal; I've been tricked," cried Nordyke, white to the lips.

"Respond," commanded the circuit rider, in threatening tones. "Respond or be shot."

"I tell you this is no marriage! I won't be coerced!"

His words were drowned in the crash of the gun at his left; the powder flared in his face; his felt hat was perforated by the ball.

"I—I do," came angrily from the groom's pale lips.

"Lily, do you take this man, Walter, to be your wedded husband, to love, honor and cherish while life shall last?"

"Oh, I do, I do," cried Lily, with sobs.

"Then I pronounce you man and wife," declared the circuit rider with emphasis. "And whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder!"

The clergyman produced pen, ink, and the written form of a marriage certificate on a blank page of Mrs. May's family Bible.

"Sign this," he ordered, and dipped the pen in readiness.

Dark-browed and angry, Nordyke [illegible]; he was no coward. But like men of the frontier he respected the argument of leaden balls that spoke from mouths of steel.

"Sign!" repeated the clergyman, and at the word two guns sounded the war-like notes of Lily Nordyke's wedding orchestra.

With firm, vigorous, angry strokes of the pen Nordyke signed his name in the place shown him, and the wedding was over.

"Now go!" ordered the bride's father. "And if you ever deny this marriage or try any deviltry, my sons and I will see that you get more than a smell of gunpowder. Go!"

"This is no marriage," insisted Nordyke. "I was intimidated. The old devil has perjured himself conducting——"

"Silence!" thundered the preacher, with blue eyes flashing. "Utter no blasphemy at your wedding, you traducer of women. And now remember that I shall insert a notice of this marriage in every paper of the State. As for perjury, if you see fit to deny the legality of my service, a full account will be published. Now go your way, outsider, and be wise."

With a malignant glance around the [illegible] that rested longest on the [illegible] lily of a bride, Nordyke jammed his bullet-pierced hat down over his forehead and departed. When once more on horseback, he rode eastward. He could not return to [illegible] until he had rid himself of the [illegible] of his black rage. He could not pass the [illegible] home where India dwelt. His condition of mind was not pleasant to contemplate.

"Hell's fire!" he thought. "This ends my dream of the Blair girl, and I've lost her by my own d—n foolishness. That wax-faced ninny is to her as a drop of dew to a diamond. If I can't have the jewel, neither shall the man who signed that telegram by a new title. This was a farce, a comedy, but Mr. Clyde Manning—if that's his real name—will figure as chief performer in the next act. He shall be Caesar after the dagger thrust, or, better yet, Romeo after the poisoned draught."

He smiled evilly at the thought. For some time he dwelt on the means of accomplishing his design, then continued a mental outline of his plans.

"After he's wiped out," he mused, "I'll collect my earnings"—he again smiled at the word—"and start a new business in some very distant and obscure corner of earth."

He had reasoned from passion to calmness. He was even civil to Stimson, who met him some distance further down the road. The tool was seeking the master, and seemed startled by his unexpected and timely appearance.

"Think of the devil," Stimson declared rudely, "and you'll see his horns. I was going back to the place where you said you had an appointment in hopes to catch you. I've trailed the man you want ever since he left the store last night—with her." The man grinned covertly. "Now he's right where you want him. He's in the woods here looking over the east and south lines of the Blair tract. Tomorrow he starts for Detroit, unless——" Stimson's tone was suggestive.

"Then why didn't you go on, you fool, and get him?" demanded Nordyke, but his face lighted with evil joy.

"I didn't care to handle the job alone," Stimson protested sullenly. "He's spry as a panther, with the eyes of a lynx. I didn't want to make no bungle. You can help do your dirty work."

"But the horse," objected the bookkeeper. "What can we do with the cursed brute?"

"Dismount and take the animal a half-mile into the woods; we can tie him till we come back."

They carried out this plan with nicety of detail. The turn from the roadway was made on hard turf that left no trail. Later the unwelcome equine was concealed in dense undergrowth. After this the two pressed on with quick strides over fallen logs, across gullies straight as the flight of a bird to the locality of their unsuspecting victim. They said little on the march. Men intent on murder are not inclined to conversation. Once Nordyke asked a question.

"How did you cross the lake?" he queried.

"Borrowed a boat," Stimson explained.

"With what excuse?"

"Fishing," Stimson told him, with a grin, and showed him the reel of line protruding from the pocket of his coat.

After that brief exchange the two tramped on in silence. Nordyke gloated over the accident that had given his enemy over into his hands when he doubly craved balm for outraged pride. Accompanying him as they traversed the uneven ground were two hate-inspiring scenes: First in mind was the radiant face of India Blair as he had seen her last; next, burned on his memory, was the late scene of his forced marriage. The two conspired to fill him with a reckless desire for vengeance. Ordinarily he would have hesitated before joining in the overt act of murder. Not from moral scruples, but because he possessed an intelligent and lively fear of the law. In this instance he threw aside cowardice and boldly sought his enemy in the open.

That Manning had given Nordyke this rare opportunity was due to the scaler's desire to satisfy himself concerning the Blair boundary line before his departure. In the morning he intended to start for home, leaving a substitute in charge of his work during his short absence. He therefore determined to spend the hours that must necessarily elapse before he might call on India, in her service. If Steel and Hawley, thru the mediation of an employe, had managed a fraudulent survey, he would satisfy himself of that fact. Because he desired to be alone with his thoughts of India and build future air castles, he told no one of his design.

For hours he tramped thru the woods, carefully following a direct course from a blazed tree that Munshaw pointed out as the original landmark. By means of a small compass he next ran the line west from the sec-

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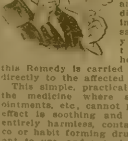

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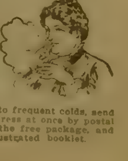

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tion corner. It ended well within the Company's slashing and confirmed his suspicions; fully half the winter's cut had been on the reserved Blair tract. Painstakingly he again sought the blazed tree and verified his first survey. By the time he had circled the tract twice the sultry heat of a storm-threatening day had exhausted his energies. He seated himself on a downfallen giant of the forest and considered India's best move. Both the surveyor and Nordyke would claim the trespass occurred thru mistake. Nothing was to be done except force restitution, and restitution would wipe out the Blair mortgage. This was sufficient reward for an arduous morning's tramp thru chopping and forest.

Having disposed of this point, he became absorbed in matters of a personal nature. What was the meaning of his Uncle John Manning's silence? Would the State denounce him for breaking jail now that his innocence was established? As he sat deeply pondering these and other questions, the lowering sky rent with a sharp flash of heat lightning, and its report thundered in low-rolling reverberations. At the same instant his arms were seized from behind, while a heavy cord confined them, and swift-circling loops trussed his struggling form.

"You do altogether too much dreaming, Mr. Forrest Mann," laughed Stimson's familiar voice. "First you lose your balance and fall off the pier, and now you've dropped into a cattle hitch. I've worked at roping long horns. And as he"—nodding toward his accomplice—"wanted you took alive, I tried my hand at it."

"Besides indulging in foolish daydreams," Nordyke commented as he occupied Manning's late seat on the log, "you prowl too much. Brett would have been alive today but for that pernicious habit."

The bookkeeper deftly extracted his penknife from a vest pocket and proceeded daintily to manicure his nails. From time to time he eyed his prostrate captive and every look rewarded him for his late discomfiture. Manning lay on the ground with the twine of Stimson's trolling line cutting his flesh, but making no sign and wasting no further strength in useless struggle. Once more he blamed himself bitterly for lack of discretion. He had armed himself, and had taken care that his revolver was conveniently placed and fully loaded, then, at the supreme moment, he had relaxed vigilance.

That he was shortly to die a violent death he never doubted. Lying half turned on his side, with his gaze focused on the distant aisles of the wilderness, he conceived a strange purpose. He determined to live his last moments with India Blair as far as will power and projected thought would permit. He would live over the precious moments of the evening before. Every word, tone, and gesture should be revived. He had been given his hour of bliss; now he must die content. The horror-stricken expression faded from his countenance and gave place to softened lines but intense reflection. Inasmuch as it was possible his soul absented itself from the body. He again passed thru the golden moments of that evening drive with his goddess. He felt her warm, clinging arms, her soft lips; he held her form in his embrace and imagined her as she, at that moment, doubtless waited his coming.

"Listen," cried Nordyke, with a vicious kick. "You act like one in a trance. Since I've taken the trouble to catch you alive for the purpose of a visit, I'd thank you to pay attention. You've kept mighty close watch of my game, but you've missed some points, and I want you to understand them. There was the log-spiking for instance; well, now you're going to hear the whole story. Afterward you're going to commit self-murder, you know. That revolver in your pocket will be fired at close range with your heart for a target; your right hand will grasp the handle; you will be artistically laid out as if you had fallen after the deed. That organ with which you cherish Blair of Blair's mill and her interests will cease to pump blood thru your now vigorous system."

At the cowardly thrust Nordyke smiled with the insolent uplift to the corner of his mouth. He was enjoying himself hugely.

"I shall then make the final moves in this game," continued the bookkeeper. "First in order will be the foreclosure of the mortgage and the consequent humbling of my lady's pride. As for this land survey and the timber steal you've unearthed, why that's neither your business nor mine. Steel, who is a discreet and brilliant limb of Satan, bribed the link-and-chain man to a false survey. He wished to lumber the land off last winter, but the mortgage foreclosure will cover anticipated ownership. Everything hinges on that. Log-spiking was to have turned the trick, but it went a little too far, and one of the devilish bolts killed Blair. After that Stimson got nervous and I had to help. I was the man you disturbed that night in the cutter, d—n you. We'd have wound up the mill in midwinter but for your devilish meddling. Brett suspected the game and thought both Steel and Hawley were rascals; instead, Hawley is a regular psalm-singing saint, and has no more idea of business than a plaster image. Then Brett began to prowl same as you. He even tramped in snow to satisfy himself of this timber steal. Stimson was obliged to follow him and shoot him in the back. We'd have done the same by you, but I wanted to talk things over. If Stimson, the fool, hadn't made such a bungle of the burial, Bob Stray, or whoever he is, wouldn't have made his startling find; and that octoroon or Creole widow of his would have thought herself deserted."

Nordyke stopped to laugh.

"You should've helped me," Stimson complained at this point. "I told you how it 'ud be."

"Shut up," ordered Nordyke. "When you killed that man in Hartung's saloon you didn't need help!"

"I'm sick of your harping on that," Stimson sullenly declared. "You're as deep in mud as I am in mire. As for this job, you'll do it yourself. I hain't got no love for Steel and Hawley's scaler, but I'm done with killing."

"When I'm ready for your services, you'll do what I say," Nordyke blazed at the obstinate servitor. "Refuse, and I'll send my first shot thru your thick skull. Two bodies and two guns would explain both."

The humor [illegible] pleased him. He laughed.

"I should think," Stimson suggested, turning inscrutable, deep-set eyes on his employer, "that you'd be careful how you put notions in my head; my skull may be thick, but it holds ideas."

"Why, you fool," cried Nordyke, "do you suppose I'd trust you a rod? That's chiefly why I borrowed your gun. But I left you a fish line. I knew you understood catching suckers. Later I'll instruct you in target work."

Manning still reclined with his face to the forest. His mind was a gallery of pleasant images. He paid no heed to the quarrel between the arch-villain and his tool. Incidentally he wondered when Stimson would be forced to fire the fatal shot.

"Of what are you thinking?" Nordyke demanded again, turning his attention to the prisoner. "You look as if you'd called the jack-pot and held four aces. But you haven't, not in this game! You won the first two tricks; you stopped the spiking and you kept the fire back that I had Stimson set. But for you and Floyd the Blair buildings and their lumber-yard would have been swept off the face of earth. If you'd only stopped in the lake we'd have won. But Stimson botched the job. He should have stunned you with a club. He's a bungler, a devilish——"

Nordyke's sentence ended before the last word. There was a sudden report of a pistol fired at close range. The bookkeeper swayed gently in his seat; over his dark face spread an expression of intense astonishment. Then, like a badly balanced manikin, he toppled sidewise, and, as the greater weight inclined to the rear, he rolled to the leaf-strewn ground on the far side of the log from the trussed prisoner

Stimson, with smoking revolver in his right hand, coolly watched the dying man's fall to earth. He seemed to the horrified captive as indifferent as a gambler who had flipped a coin. Presently he replaced his second gun in an inner pocket, then stooped and rifled his victim's purse. Standing upright with a roll of bills in his hand, he took a long last look at the dead bookkeeper and remarked:

"That wan't no bungle, Mr. Nordyke!"

"As for you," he said, coming around the log to Manning's side, "I told him I wouldn't have your killing on my mind, and I said true. Him I've carried a bullet for these many days; the deed is as innocent as killing skunks. It was him or me first, and I've made sure it ain't me. No, I ain't going to

(Continued on Page 21.)

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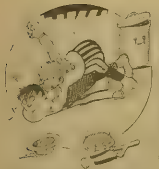


Jimmie—"Aw, you hit me first."

[illegible]

Jimmie—"Well, [illegible] knowed what I was goin' to do to you you'd a' hit me first."

◆

For Better, For Worse.

[illegible] cook approached her mistress with much hesitation one morning.

"Please, mum, I'd like to give a week's [illegible]," she announced.

[illegible] the mistress [illegible] "why are you going? Will you better yourself?"

"No'm," replied Eliza. "I'm going to get married."

The Barefoot Cure.

In a [illegible] boarding-house some time ago the guests were working away at the evening meal when Mr Jones broke thru the din of clattering [illegible]

I was reading of a new cure this [illegible] glancing around the table. "It seems that you take off your shoes and stockings and [illegible]

"What do you think of that cure, Mr. [illegible] lady, who had also read the story. "Do [illegible] walking barefooted thru grass will make one strong [illegible]

"W[illegible] Mr. Jones [illegible] ously trying to cut a piece of meat, "[illegible] seems to have made this beef pretty tough."

◆

A Fine Art.

There are a lot of fourflushers who go thru life without learning that fourflushing is a fine art. Such are beneath contempt. But one has great admiration for those few who have mastered the game.

"If a man called me a liar," asserted one of such, "I'd sail in and lick him if he weighed 300 pounds."

"Well, you big bluff," answered one who was tired of listening, "I call you, right here and now. You're a liar."

"Bluff yourself," came back the artist, without a minute's hesitation. "You don't weigh more than one-fifty, and you know what I said."

Not Her Fault.

A young wife who had received some very elegant and expensive wedding presents gave a select luncheon and used on the table several of the choicest pieces of her china, among them being an exceedingly fine platter of real royal Worcester. She gave her servant strict instructions to leave all the good pieces for her to wash up so that there could be no accident.

As soon as her friends had left the young lady went to the kitchen. Immediately she missed the finest dish, and asked where it was.

"Sure, ma'am," said the girl, "I bruke it."

"Oh, Bridget!" exclaimed the lady in horror.

"But I did what you said, ma'am, I kept the best pieces for you to wash up."

The lady threw herself into the nearest chair and began to bewail her loss. "Bridget!" she said, "that was the finest piece of china I owned or ever expect to own, I shall never, never be rich enough to buy another like it."

"Oh, well, ma'am," replied the servant girl folding her arms, "if you will live beyond your means you mustn't blame me for it."

◆

Things Have Changed.

There is an old-fashioned Kentuckian, well known as a horse lover, who has never been able to reconcile himself to the advent of the automobile.

"The trail of the serpent is over everything," he remarked, not long ago. "I went into a little shop to buy candy for some children. The shopkeeper sold me a lot of old-fashioned peppermint hearts bearing printed mottoes. I took them home, thinking that I had found the very candy that used to gladden my heart when I was a child. I looked for the old-time mottoes. The first read:

"'Dear, I'll ask you to be mine,
In taxi number ninety-nine.'

"The second read:

"'In an auto run by gasoline
Fly with me, my love, my dream.'"

◆

Heard Them Twice.

A certain Senator from Georgia was describing to a number of friends the natural wit of the Southern negro.

"My man Sam," said the Senator, "had an altercation with Mose, a notorious character and a 'gun toter.' The argument was shortlived and ended in Mose unlimbering his artillery. I overhauled Sam ten miles down the road, spent and unnerved, and asked him if he had heard the firing.

"'Yessuh, Marse Hoke, I sho' hear'n dem bullets—I hear'n um twice.'

"'Twice?' I asked, puzzled.

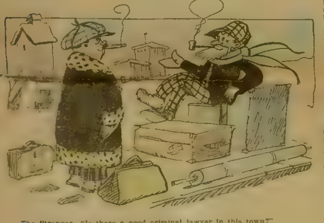
"'Yessuh, two times,' said Sam. 'I hear'n um when dey pas' me and I hear'n um again when I pas' dem!'"

◆

Prepared to Dicker.

"Why do you oppose a reasonable amount of preparedness?" demanded Senator Wombat. "Ain't you for it?"

"Privately, yes," stated Senator Flubdub, "but I expect to trade my objections for an arsenal for m[illegible] district or a wireless station, at the very least."



The Stranger—"Is there a good criminal lawyer in this town?"

The Resident—"There is one here who is considered criminal but he is not regarded as good."

Business "Scenery."

"How's the [illegible]

[illegible] varied and changed every week," answered the suburbanite.

"You don't mean to tell me [illegible] nal hills move from their bases and the [illegible]

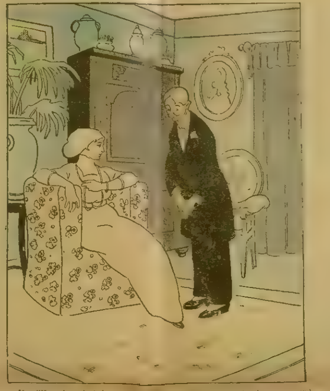
[illegible] but I dare say Jinx[illegible] lot of billboards of any town in the country."

The Orderly Ones.

Just as the manager [illegible] some visitors round the factory the di[illegible] work and disappeared as if by magic.

"Do all of them [illegible] their tools the instant the bell g[illegible]

[illegible] not all of them," said the manager. "The mor[illegible] have their tools put away [illegible]



He—"Yes, she rejected my proposal, but in such a way as to give me ground for hopes."

She—"How was that?"

He—"When I was leaving she pointed at the mud that my shoes left on the carpet, and said that the next time I called she hoped I would wipe my feet on the mat before I came into the house!"

His Suggestion.

The grocer had just put a new boy to work and among the other instructions was this:

"If you do not happen to have what a customer asks for suggest something else as nearly like it as possible."

Soon a woman came into the store and asked the boy:

"Have you any fresh green stuff today?"

"No, ma'am," answered the boy, "but we have some nice bluing."

◆

Won't Stay Down.

"Experience is a hard teacher," remarked the philosopher.

"Quite true, but an optimist of my acquaintance has the matter well in hand, I think."

"How so?"

"The harder he gets bumped, the higher he rebounds."

A Harrowing Jest.

Mrs. Hawbuck—"Silas writes in his letter that he's a-goin' to be a dentist. Be there much money in pullin' teeth, pa?"

Farmer Hawbuck—"Oh, 'bout a dollar an acher, I reckon."

◆

Sure Proof.

Pessimist—"Is he prosperous, do you think?"

Optimist—"Is he? Why, he owes twice what he owns."—Judge.

The Alternative.

While at lunch with William Abbingdon and Willie Collier, the actors, a young Englishman, also an actor, indulged in numerous criticisms of America and American institutions. It became very distasteful to Abbingdon, who is a British subject and was not permitted to join the army even tho he applied.

"If you don't like America and her people," suggested Abbingdon to his younger fellow countryman, "why don't you go over to England and help fight for your own country? You could get in the army."

[illegible] younger Eng[illegible] "I tried, but they wouldn't let me in because they said I had a floating kidney."

"Well," suddenly interjected Collier with a bite of sarcasm, "that wouldn't keep you from joining the navy, would it?"

A Poor Player.

As Grantland Rice tells the story, a certain English actor, whom we may safely call Jones-Brown, plays a persistent but horrible game of golf. During a recent visit to this country the actor in question occasionally visited the links of a well known country club in Westchester county, near New York.

After an especially miserable showing of inaptness one morning, he flung down his driver in disgust.

"Caddie," he said, addressing the silent youth who stood alongside, "that was awful bad, wasn't it?"

"Purty bad, sir," stated the boy.

"I freely confess that I am the worst golfer in the world," continued the actor.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, sir," said the caddie soothingly.

"Did you ever see a worse player than I am?"

"No, sir, I never did," confessed the boy truthfully, "but some of th[illegible] boys was tellin' me yistiddy about a gentleman that must be a worse player than you are. They said his name was Jones-Brown."

◆

Never Again.

A philanthropic lady visited an asylum not long ago and displayed great interest in the inmates. One old man particularly gained her compassion. "And how long have you been h[illegible] man?" she inquired.

"Twelve years," was the answer.

"Do they treat you well?"

"Yes."

After addressing a few more questions to him the visitor passed on. She noticed a smile broadening on the face of her attendant and, on asking the cause, heard with consternation that the old man was none other than the medical superintendent. She hurried back to make apologies. How successful she was may gathered from these words: "I am sorry, doctor. I will never be governed by appearances again."

A Cautious Mother.

A mother in Newcastle, England, sent her little boy on an errand, and said:

"Now, Harry, go to Smith, the grocer in Northumberland street, and get a pound of the best treacle," and she handed the young hopeful a couple of jugs. When the boy had gone the vicar's wife said:

"You didn't tell him to get anything in the other jug. Is he going to leave it at the shop?"

"No, ma'am, he's gannin' to bring it back here agyne."

"But why send two jugs to get a pound of treacle?"

"Well, ye see, it's this way: If he has a jug in each hand he canno gan dippin' his fingers in the treacle and eatin' it up as he comes hyme."

◆

The Pursuit of Happiness.

Joy Rider (stopped by rural constable)—"Haven't we got any rights left in this country? Doesn't the Constitution guarantee us life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?"

Constable—"It don't guarantee no man the pursuit of happiness at ninety miles an hour."

Mammy's Collections.

Harris Dickson tells of an old negro mammy who was kept from starvation by the white women who gave her occasional odd jobs to do. Mrs. Dickson, the writer's mother, had found some housework for the old [illegible] but after working a day or two Mandy said [illegible] must quit.

"I done have to go out collectin' for de missionary society," she explained.

"But I have work for you to do," said Mrs. Dickson, "and you need all the money you can get."

"I know," said the old mammy, "but I done haf to collect foh de missionary society."

"What do you get paid for collecting?" asked Mrs. Dickson.

"I don't get paid," said Mandy. "I only gets what I collects."

◆

A Catch Question.

A man entered the office of a prominent lawyer in a hurried manner and addressing the lawyer in a quick tone said, "K——, I want you to tell me is it legal for a man to marry his widow's sister?"

"Why," said the attorney, "that question never occurred to me before. I'll look it up."

He started to reach a legal tome from a high shelf, in fact, had his hand upon a book, when the drift of the question flashed upon him, and the book of law quickly flew from the attorney's hand at the head disappearing thru the office doorway.

[illegible]

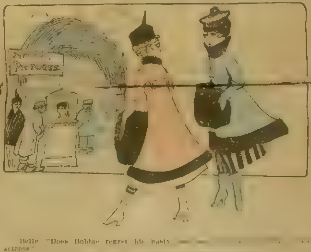
◆

The Talented Author.

[illegible] Wilkins. Have you read hi[illegible] turn down th[illegible] marry the villain.

[illegible] as if that would [illegible]

[illegible] Wilkins [illegible] then becomes the [illegible] roine's lawyer [illegible] the fortune [illegible] to him after all."—Judge.



Belle—"Does Bobbie regret his hasty [illegible] actress?"

Ida—"Not a bit! He can't bear what [illegible]

His Motive.

"Lemme get those umbrellas hidden before you let them in!" Binks hastily interposed as Mrs. Binks moved toward the door in response to the bell.

"Do you think our guests will steal umbrellas?" Mrs. Binks demanded contemptuously.

"Maybe not, but they might recognize 'em!" Binks replied.—Judge.

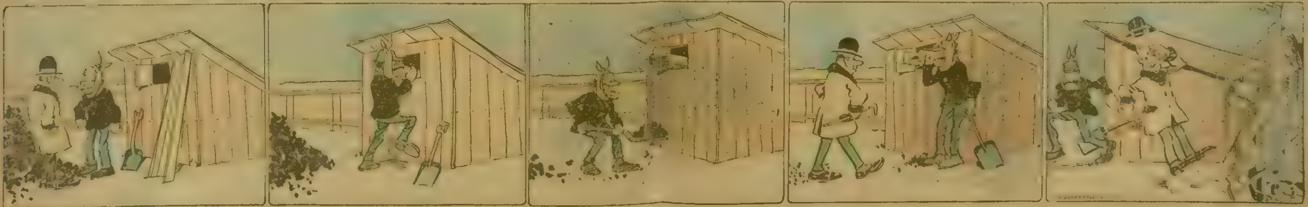
Putting His Foot In It.

They had just renew[illegible] their acquaintan[illegible]

[illegible] the better or for the worse?" [illegible] ced with an arch look.

"Ah, my dear girl," he said gallantly, [illegible] could only [illegible]

He Put the Coal In All Right



Mr. Furnace Heat—"Now, Rube, I'll give you a dollar if you'll put the coal in this old chicken-house."

Roughneck Rube—"I gotcha, mister."

Rube—"Dis'll be easy money. I jest puts in de chute an' feeds de coal inter it an' collects me dollar."

Dis ain't such a snap at dat! I didn't think that little old chicken-house would hold so much coal!

Mr. Heat—"Well, Rube, it made you pretty tired to get it all in, didn't it? I suppose you closed the door in the back of the shed?"

O—Oh! Oh! You bonehead, you pimple on the face of nature! Five tons of beautiful coal sent to the bottom of the creek!

"It's me for the tall timber!"

Their Lost Prince

Or, The Love That Swayed a Throne

By Marquis James

[Copyright 1916 by W. D. [illegible]] [illegible], January [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] back [illegible] obtained from [illegible] agents, or by mail from [illegible]

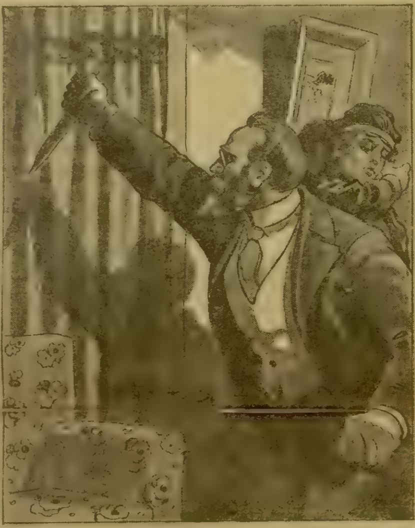
CHAPTER XV.

ROBERT ORR dropped exhausted in one of the iron benches which line the classic drives thru Central Park. It was dusk—the close of another day's search, and he was weary in mind and body

Never had his spirits ebbed so low. He had bought the entire evening papers and sought out the cables from Oligarchia, which he had neglected during the week. The news from Kolberg no longer dominated the front pages. The situation in the kingdom appeared greatly improved. The government was making headway against the conspiracy, it was reported. One Mulhausen, the King's confidential secretary, had been placed under arrest and was in solitary confinement. Papers found in his possession, it was related, confirmed his identity as one of the conspirators. Indeed, it appeared possible that he might have murdered Prince Eitel himself.

At a trial before the royal magistrates he undoubtedly could have been convicted and executed, the account stated, but the trial had been delayed in the hope that Mulhausen might con[illegible] disclosing his confederates. The [illegible] of Mulhausen, who had been the most trusted man in the regal entourage, had been brought about thru disclosures made by Colonel Tirplitz, who for his services had been promoted to the rank of general.

King Leopold had convalesced from his illness, which for a time had been regarded as fatal, and was directing the affairs of the kingdom from his bedside. And even in event of his death, the perpetuation of the Regalhofen dynasty seemed secured, as it was given out that Grand Duke Michael, distantly related to the Regalhofens, virtually had consented to assume the throne in case of the demise of Leopold.



He lunged again and again.

This intelligence was comforting to the banished Prince. Orr was free to pursue his search for Rose Gordon without an accusing conscience pointing out that duty called him across the [illegible].

His reading finished, he occupied himself with an aimless inspection of the procession of cabs, carriages, han[illegible] stately victorias which moved like links in an endless chain along the drive before him. He noted the approach of a big black carriage drawn by a span of blooded dappled grays. The fiery steeds champed their bits and the liveried coachman threw all his strength into the lines to hold them in leash

The vehicle drew abreast Orr's bench. His attention drawn to the matchless team he naturally was curious as to the persons who rode behind them. On[illegible] plaintive face pr[illegible]ed against one of the glass windows of the tonneau brought him to his feet.

Had he not seen that face before? He glimpsed the features again—the profile this time—as the carriage swept past. That glance assured him. The girl was Rose! She was a prisoner. Her agonized countenance betrayed it.

The next vehicle in the animated chain was a public cab, cruising languidly along the curb. The driver spotted Orr.

"Keb, sir?" he inquired.

[illegible] Orr [illegible] bill into the cabby's gloved hand. "See [illegible] behind the dappled grays?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to follow that carriage," Orr replied, in grave tones. "Follow it at all costs, and there is one hundred dollars in it for you. Be careful now, and don't let them get wise that you [illegible]."

"Yes, sir," responded the cabman, a knowing twinkle in his eyes.

Orr added his injunction as he stepped inside, and after he had sized up the cabby's nondescript steed. He knew the dappled grays could set a pace for any horseflesh on the drive, and a race with the cab driver would dash all hopes.

"No danger, sir. For this business I'm the very man you want," rejoined the man on the box.

The cabby proved his boast. He was a skillful "shadow." Whipping up his sorry jade, he managed to keep within [illegible] of the closed carriage, [illegible] circuitous and apparently [illegible] route thru the park drives. After an hour the two vehicles left the park for a turn down Fifth avenue, in those days the pinnacle of all New York [illegible].

Orr, resting easily in the cushioned [illegible] of the darkened cab, reckoned it merely a pleasure jaunt—to give the girl a bit of air, perhaps, after close confinement during the day. For he had no doubt as to the restrictions hedged about Rose since his last mis[illegible] interview with her. He had received no letters tho he knew Rose was aware of his address.

The cab continued downtown as far as Fourteenth street, and then turned over to Broadway and up that brilliant thorofare toward the Bronx without a stop. Again it entered Central Park and turned west. The dappled grays with the persistent cabby whipping his weary steed along behind, turned out of the park in Central Park West—a street running westward from the park.

Robert's heart beat wildly as he recognized the vicinity which he had [illegible] in [illegible] fruitless search. He knew the end of his journey was close at hand. The cab halted. The driver opened the door.

"They're across the street there, sir. I pulled up under these trees where they are least liable to see us. I tell you, sir, it was some jaunt—some jaunt, sir."

Orr said nothing. His gaze was riveted upon [illegible] carriage across the way. The door opened. A man stepped out. A girl—Rose—followed. Behind her disembarked a second man. Closing in on either side of the girl and glancing furtively about for possible pursuers, the men hastened the captive up the steps and within the darkened portals of the house. The carriage then whirled away.

"Watch the front," Orr told the cab driver, "while I step over here where I can get a better view of the side of the house. Tell me if a light appears in any of the windows. If you see a light, watch for a girl within. Here's that hundred." He pressed another bill into the man's hand. "Now, keep sharp lookout and tell me what you see."

With that Orr hurried off. The lot adjoining on the east of the house into which the girl disappeared was a vacant one. As but one side of the building could be watched at once, Orr selected the east side, which presented the best opportunities for observation. Crouching low in the shadows, he slipped thru the uncut grass back about fifty feet from the sidewalk, and threw himself face downward on the ground.

He studied every detail of the house before him. It was a big, three-story, brownstone affair of the type prominent at that period—the late eighties. A fire escape ran up the side wall, communicating with a window on each floor.

"That will make entrance a comparatively simple matter," Orr told himself, "but first I must locate the room in which Rose is imprisoned."

But mere entrance to the house would leave much to be done. Hallways would have to be traversed and doors forced until he gained the girl's room. Every step would be fraught with peril. Whatever the motives and plans of the girl's abductors, Orr did not underrate them. The hasty retreat from the former residence and the care with which Rose was guarded assured him they were desperate men, and should he cross their trail, it would be a battle to death. He slipped his revolver into his coat pocket. He was a quick man on the draw.

Presently a light glowed from a second story window. The blind was down. Orr saw silhouetted upon it

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the shadows. A man and a woman entered the room. One glance at the profile—it was Rose! The man appeared to be one of the pair who had so carefully escorted her from the carriage to the house.

He was a man of powerful physique. His face was adorned by a Van Dyke beard, and he looked like a foreigner. It was the man Orr had known as the girl's uncle. He drank in the pantomime unreeled before him. Words could not reach his ears, but actions were sufficient. The man led the girl into the room and turned to go. She grasped his arms and sank to her knees, her hand upraised in a plea. He seized her by the arms, and flinging her aside, strode from the room.

"The brute!" Orr hissed under his breath.

The girl apparently lay motionless on the floor for some moments after the man had gone. Then Robert saw her rise and stagger in all probability in the direction of the bed.

The window, he noted, was not one which opened on the fire-escape. Her jailers had been too cautious for that. Two avenues to her room presented themselves. One was to climb the fire-escape and force a window, and then take the chances with the occupants of the house. The only other way would be by means of a ladder raised directly to the girl's window.

Orr turned the matter over in his mind and decided on the second course. Raising on his hands and knees, he made his way toward the sidewalk. He looked about for the cab driver whom he had left to watch the front of the house. The cab stood across the street, but the driver was not to be seen. Orr gazed up and down the street—it was midnight and not a person was in sight.

"Possibly he grew tired of waiting and repaired to his cab for a nap," Orr mused. "I'll go and see."

But the cab was empty.

"He's down to some corner saloon, then," Orr told himself. "Serves me right for paying him before his work was done. I'll just borrow his cab for a trip after a ladder."

Orr was fumbling at the hitch weight when behind him he heard a low, inarticulate moan, like a human voice in agony. He turned quickly, but saw nothing other than the dim-lit expanse of the deserted highway.

CHAPTER XVI.

"MY OVERTAXED nerves are playing tricks on me." Thus he attempted to console himself into the belief that he had heard nothing and addressed his attentions anew to the hitch weight.

But no sooner had he turned his back than the sound came again—the low, plaintive wail of a man in distress. Unmistakably it was a human voice.

Orr glanced around quickly. Not a living thing save the cab horse was visible. A third groan came—somewhat fainter than before. He thought the sound came from a hedge which fenced the front of the lawn some fifty feet away. Gripping his revolver in his coat pocket, he strode to the hedge and peered over it.

A dark object—the body of a man—lay just inside the shrubbery.

"Hello, there, are you hurt?" Orr called softly.

The form stirred. An inarticulate moan was the only answer. Thoroly alarmed, Orr skirted thru the gateway of the hedge, and in a moment was beside the body. Recognition was instantaneous.

It was the cab driver. Blood gushed from a mean-looking wound on his scalp.

"What—what has happened?" demanded Orr, lifting up the wounded man's head.

The head hung limp in his arms.

"My God, is the man dead?" he gasped.

He thrust his hand under the cabby's coat. The unconscious man's heart was still beating.

"Now to get him to a hospital," Orr said. "But there I will be asked a thousand questions—be detained perhaps by the police. That would mean a pretty muss—upset all my plans—ruin everything. I'll take a chance; I'll try another scheme."

Glancing around to assure himself the coast was clear, Orr picked the limp form up in his arms, and after a quick dash deposited the wounded man in his own cab. He mounted to the driver's box himself, and whipping the horses into a brisk trot started toward Broadway. He had not traversed many squares before he drew up beside an all-night drug store, caught his reins between his whip and dashboard, sprang from the seat, and hastened into the apothecary shop.

He emerged in a few minutes with a liberal supply of bandage gauze, lotions, and stimulants. He was climbing back on the box when he heard a stir within the vehicle. He opened the door and looked in.

"Where—how the devil did I get in here?" came the thick voice of the cabby.

"When did you wake up?" exclaimed Orr in glad surprise.

"Wake up?" queried the man. "Say! I remember it all now. That guy beaned me and I went clean out. But where are you taking me?"

"Home; you're a badly injured man," responded Orr. "Where do you live?"

The cabby gave him an address, adding instructions on how to reach it.

"Here, take a swig of this," Orr said, passing the man a flask of whisky."

The driver took a long draught and smacked his lips.

"Best liquor I've had in many a day, sir," he replied, sufficiently recuperated to intrude his professional word of courtesy. "But now that you've taken me out and got me all bunged up, what settlement do you——"

"Enough of that now," Orr interposed. "I'll make it right with you when I get you home."

Orr mounted the box and drove off.

"Well, I guess our man is not so badly hurt after all. If he only will listen to reason, everything will work out all right. But I must find out who assaulted him. There is mystery in that. Plain highwaymen don't go around slugging plain cab drivers in that neighborhood."

Piloting the horse thru the devious mazes of winding streets, Orr halted before a dingy structure on which he discerned the legend, "Lodgings by Day or Week—Bed, 15, 25 and 50 cents." This was the abode of the cab driver.

Orr helped the injured man from the vehicle and started to mount the dimly illuminated stairs of the lodging-house.

"Second floor—front, room 128," directed the cab driver. "Best room in the place," he added with a touch of pride. "Pay six dollars a week for it."

Inside the room Orr sat the injured man down on the bed.

"Before I call a doctor," he began, "I want to settle up the score with you. Here," Orr produced his wallet. "Do you consider this an equitable adjustment of affairs?" Orr counted out seven crisp yellow one-hundred-dollar bills.

"Boss, you're a regular feller," beamed the cabby, as his hands closed on the roll. "With what you've staked me tonight we'll call it square. Putter here, boss, my name's Norton, Bill Norton."

The cab driver held out a large, calloused hand. Orr took it.

"And my name is——" he hesitated.

"That's all right, boss," urged Norton. "You don't have to spill your real monicker—er even the one you're workin' under. For all that the one I gave you was phoney."

"Norton, I fear I fail to understand you," replied Orr, divining only too well the meaning of the cabby's remark.

"Never mind, boss; I won't turn copper. I won't squeal," Norton assured. "Why, I did a bit up at Sing Sing once just because I wouldn't tell."

"My man," returned Orr, with a smile, "I'm not inquiring of your personal history, and don't intend to answer questions as to my own. If my actions have appeared a bit strange tonight, it's my affair and not yours. You've been well paid to remember nothing."

"I'm deaf, dumb, and blind, boss. I was a safe blower myself in my time, but I'm getting along in years now. So I took to cabbing—cabs are handy for quick getaways. I do a lot of work for the old gang. But you're too clever a crook for my class. You go in for the big game and take big risks. I take my hat off to you—Mr. Orr!"

With a devilish twinkle in his eye, Norton, after a well-staged pause laid dramatic emphasis on the name. Orr went pale.

"Where did you hear that name?" he demanded fiercely. "Whoever told you lied. My name is not Orr." This came with the emphasis on the "not."

"I kinda thought that would get under your skin," grinned the cabby. "But as you say, the guy what tipped it off to me might have lied at that. Being that he tried to kill me, I wouldn't put it past him."

"What is it?" Orr demanded eagerly.

"Anxious, eh?" chided the retired criminal. "Well, since you've paid me well for it, I'll deal square. It was the guy what beaned me that put me [illegible] I was standin' by my cab, and as you said, was watchin' for the dame thru the front window. All of a sudden a man was at my elbow. 'So you're the trailin' hound that's been followin' my carriage all night,' he says. 'Well, you'll make no report to that man Orr tonight. The girl is safe in our hands.' And with that he dropped me, bouncin' a pistol butt on my bean. I guess he was afraid to shoot. So that's how I come to know your John Henry, boss; the guy spilled it himself."

Orr had Norton repeat the statement several times, and satisfied himself at length, that the cab driver spoke the truth. Then he tried to change the subject, but Norton, his instincts of old aroused, was inquisitive.

"I know you've paid me for the privilege of keepin' my trap closed," the ex-convict said apologetically, "but my curiosity gets the best of me. Was this a [illegible] kidnapin' job you was out on tonight. Ef it was I might be able to help you. Big Bill Donovan, a friend of mine, makes a specialty of them jobs——"

"Enough of that!" Orr snapped, raising a menacing fist.

"Boss, you misunderstand me," Norton pleaded. "Perfectly safe to talk over matter of business with me confidential-like. I wouldn't tell a soul. 'Pon my honor, I wouldn't."

Orr caught the sympathetic interest of the questioner, and reproached himself for having been so harsh. As he reflected the situation appeared almost comical.

"The job's incomplete," he replied, "which makes it impossible to discuss it just now. I would rather see to it that your wound is attended to. I'll call a physician. Any one in particular?"

"Yes, get old Doc Garver on Houston street. He's wise. He fixes all the boys up in case anything happens to them out on a job. Go right down to the office below. His name's in the 'phone book."

Orr found his way down the dark stairs into the dingy office of the lodging-house. A number of disreputable characters, grouped about conversing in half-whispers looked up sharply and suspiciously at the stranger. Orr ignored them, walked to a telephone booth in the corner, consulted the di-

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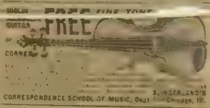

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r[illegible]tory, and called the physician, who said he would come at once. Orr then made arrangements with Norton for the rental of his cab for the remainder of the night.

As he stepped from the narrow stairway of the lodging-house to the curb, Orr brushed by a man, half-concealed in the shadows. He did not recognize the stranger, but the stranger recognized him. The man was Avery Grayson, house detective at the Desborough-Buckingham.

"And so this is the gang our fine guest works with," the sleuth observed, as Orr mounted the cab box. "He's the man who 'phoned Doc Garver, too. There's something in the wind. What's that. Blood on his coat as sure as I live! I'll hail a hack and follow this bird. Looks like a big case."

Orr, intent upon the rescue of Rose, took the reins, and with a crack of the whip, the horse jumped forward at a gallop. He turned the first corner and was lost to view. Grayson, looking up and down the street for a cab to pursue, cursed his luck. There was none in sight. Orr, unwittingly, had foiled him.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE sound of a woman weeping was all that broke the depressing silence of the room. The pale moon, urging its silent beams thru the old-fashioned shutter which was closed over the window, cast a spectral ladder of light upon the white-spread bed.

A girl, still clad in her street clothes, lay on the bed, her shoulders heaving convulsively in rebellious response to the sobs which throbbed within her.

"Oh, my Bobbie Boy!" she grieved. "Why did I distrust him? And now he has forgotten me. No, I am not certain of that! I do not know whether my letter reached him. I never saw my messenger again. But that matters not. In the morning they take me away. All hope is lost. They take me to Europe! They place me on a blood-stepped throne!

"Oh, if I but knew Robert did not love me! Certain his love had failed, I could be the vampire queen, but uncertain, I can do nothing, nothing but suffer and hope, when I know hope is useless!"

The girl was Rose Gordon, Princess Rosalind Eileen of Orlandoff, the prisoner of Count Patsky and his crew of cutthroats.

Again she gave up the unequal struggle with her emotions, broke down, and wept.

"P[illegible]"

The girl sat up in bed, startled, surprised, frightened. Was she dreaming?

"Rose, is it you?"

The voice again. It was strangely, sweetly familiar. The girl peered into the darkness. A black shape, crouched low under the window, was moving slowly, silently, cautiously toward her bed. The girl drew back in abject terror.

"Rose, my darling, it is I—it is Robert?"

The girl suppressed a hysterical scream. The next moment she felt strong, sinewy arms about her.

"Robert—it isn't—it can't be true!" she was saying. "It's a dream, a terrible, cruel dream!"

"You are excited, dear," Robert consoled, in a whisper. "In truth, it is I."

"But how came you here? How did you find me, and most extraordinary of all, how did you gain entrance to this room, guarded as it is night and day?"

"That is a long story, dear, and there is no time to tell it now. We must leave this place at once."

"Fly!" exclaimed the girl in astonishment. "Ah, have you really come to save me on the eve of my doom?"

"Yes, dear. Make ready to leave at once."

"But how—how are we to escape?"

"As I entered."

"And that is——"

"By this window," said Robert.

"But the house is guarded on that side," cautioned Rose.

"Not now."

"Why?"

"I made away with that guard," Orr told her.

"You met Rascoe and vanquished him?" the girl asked unbelievingly.

"I don't know what his name is, but I laid him out," Orr replied.

"How brave you are!" Rose exclaimed with pride. "But why did you not return in response to my letter after I saw you last week."

"That, too, is a long story," Orr answered. "Come, make ready. It is getting daylight and we have no time to lose."

"Robert, one question," whispered the girl. "Do you really love me?"

"Of course I do, more than anybody or anything in the world." Robert started to add, "And more than the throne of Oligarchia," but checked himself.

"And do you swear it?"

"I swear," Orr repeated the words reverently, as he clasped the girl tighter to his breast.

"Forgive me, Robert. I have misunderstood you. Please, please forgive me," she murmured.

"And I misunderstood you, too, my darling. But make ready. Let us be off."

The girl tiptoed to a dressing-table, hastily gathered a few keepsakes, which she thrust into a small hand satchel. She started back across the room and rejoined her lover.

"And now," he said, "we're off, free from your jailers at last!"

But before they could take a step toward the window, there came a quick, loud knock at the door.

"Open!" demanded a terrible voice from without.

"It's uncle—that is, the man I thought my uncle!" the girl whispered hastily. "Quick, Robert, step behind that curtain!"

Orr disposed himself behind one of the long hangings in front of a window. Rose then stepped to the door and opened it.

"Ah, is it uncle?" she asked, striving to suppress her excitement.

"Why are you not abed?" Count Patsky demanded harshly.

"I—I—was a bit nervous, uncle. Nothing serious, just a bit wrought up. I was preparing to retire when you knocked."

Count Patsky evidently was suspicious of something. He switched on the lights, and surveyed the room with a quick, searching glance.

"Who has been in this room?" The words snapped out like cracks of a whip.

"Why, no one, uncle; no one other than myself," the girl faltered.

"What is the meaning of that?" Count Patsky pointed a long, lean, accusing finger at the traveling bag, dropped in the middle of the floor.

"Why—why," Rose stammered, "you said we were going away in the morning——"

"And so we are!"

"Well, I couldn't sleep, and so I thought I would just begin to get a few things together."

During this colloquy, Rose stood in front of the window thru which Orr had entered, hoping to hide the open shutter from the Count's sharp eyes. Her strategy apparently had been successful. The Count turned and strode toward the door.

"Be off to bed now." His tone softened a bit. "You'll need the rest. "There's a hard day ahead of us."

Rose felt as if a weight of worlds had been lifted from her heart as her guardian turned his broad back. In the doorway he paused, then whirled on his heel. His face was livid with rage.

"Who is behind that curtain?" he shouted, pointing at the hanging behind which Orr was concealed.

"Why, nobody, uncle, why—why——"

A lump in the girl's throat made further speech impossible. She went pale. Her knees trembled until she thought she would collapse.

"You deceive me!" her accuser screamed. "How came that window shutter open? And there on your bed—a man's hat. Please don't think me blind. I saw them all when I entered. I only wanted to see how artfully you could play a part. I confess you did it quite well for an amateur. But whoever your porch-climbing friend may be, he dies!"

With a despairing shriek the girl sprang in Count Patsky's path, as, with a dagger drawn, he lunged at the curtain which screened Robert Orr. The Count brushed the girl from his path and hurled her to the floor. He lunged again, and with every ounce of strength in his gigantic frame drove his gleaming blade straight at the form behind the curtain

CHAPTER XVIII.

SEVEN days had intervened since the frustration of the rescue of Crown Princess Rosalind Eileen of Orlandoff by Crown Prince Robin of Regalshofen in New York.

They were eventful days. In K[illegible]berg affairs had taken a sudden and disastrous turn for the fortunes of the house of Regalshofen. Mulhausen, the traitor, had been exposed—but too late. The conspirators, fortified by his daily

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reports from the palace, had intrenched themselves in their plans. All efforts on the part of Leopold or Von Vlissengen to strike a vital blow at the conspiracy, had failed.

In despair, Mulhausen had been executed. It was an empty triumph. The plotters remained secure, unmolested and undiscovered in the boulevard mansion of Colonel Metz.

As a last straw, Grand Duke Michael had declined to accept the nomination as successor to the Regalshofen throne. His decision was taken on the advice of his family doctor, one of the most powerful of the nonreigning lines in Europe. It was by no means an unwise resolve. To accept, as matters stood, would have been the equivalent of swift suicide.

Under the stress of these circumstances, King Leopold suffered a relapse. He acquiesced to the entreaties of Dr. Herns, the royal physician, and temporarily relinquished the reins of state to the prime minister. So long as the King's illness should not take a sudden turn for the worse and Von Vlissengen had a free hand in affairs, the crisis could be held at arm's length, at least.

It was this situation, crucial as it was, that gave Von Vlissengen opportunity to pursue the final hope of the Regalshofens. That was to find the Lost Prince and induce him to return and take up the battle for his father's throne. With Mulhausen out of the way, the illness of King Leopold could be kept secret. This slight advantage Von Vlissengen pressed to the utmost. He did it in a peculiar way.

Each day the court circular contained glowing accounts of audiences by the King, and progress reported on the search for the conspirators which now focused the attention of the world.

Royal pronunciamentos, clever forgeries by Von Vlissengen, flowed from the palace, distributing pensions and largesses broadcast thruout the kingdom with a prodigal extravagance. Widows were pensioned, the poor were relieved, and the royal parks and game preserves were divided into small farms and given to the faithful tillers of the soil who had worked thruout their lives for others at a pittance. Money streamed from the royal coffers in a hundred channels. Harsh laws were rescinded by the scores.

Von Vlissengen kept a corps of clerks busy night and day reading every column of every newspaper printed in the kingdom. Every item recording a feat of heroism or any meritorious or praiseworthy act was clipped, the individual's name carefully noted, and some sort of recognition was recorded him under the King's own hand and seal.

This adroit and systematic flattery was not without its desired effect. Especially in the remote districts where the heavy hand of the tyrant Leopold had been less cruelly felt, was the response most noticeable. The embers of the fire of patriotism began to glow again under Von Vlissengen's skillful efforts.

But these were methods of despair, calculated only to postpone the crash and cloak the frantic efforts of the Regalshofen loyalists to gain time to prosecute their last recourse—the search for Prince Robin, the kingdom's one and final hope.

With Prince Robin at the helm, the Regalshofens could reorganize, establish a capital in a part of the kingdom least disloyal, recruit an army on the strength of the Prince's world-wide personal popularity, and sweep all adversaries which might stand between him and the throne.

Von Vlissengen paced his private study. Care had carved her sinister lines in the lean, hard face of the one-armed hero. His hair had turned gray in a fortnight. His erect shoulders were stooped under the weight of a disrupted kingdom.

There came a rap at the door.

"Who's there?" the prime minister demanded.

"Tirplitz," was the brief reply.

The former Colonel had become one of the most valued workers of the Government. He had gained the confidence of Von Vlissengen and the King himself.

"Come," invited the prime minister.

"Your excellency, conditions are not improved," began the General, with the air of a man who could break a bad piece of news gently. "Were it not for his majesty's critical condition I would advise that we flee the palace and quit the capital."

"My God, man, what has happened?" demanded the prime minister. "What has happened? Speak!"

"Your excellency, the royal palace has been mined, systematically mined."

"Do you mean that [illegible]"

"I mean that in one hour this building would have been blown to atoms and ground into powder, killing [illegible] living thing in it, had I [illegible] the plot. The explosives are set, the fuses attached, the match was applied. The disclosure was made just in tim[illegible]"

"How? When did you learn th[illegible]" gasped Von Vlissengen.

"An hour ago. It has been the work of weeks. Under every section of the palace is a tunnel loaded with dynamite."

"The tunnels, where do they lead to? Now that the plot is foiled, we may use it as a trap to apprehend the plotters."

"That was my hope," returned Tirplitz. "I exposed the bore from end to end. It leads to a deserted house by the river bank. The plotters, having completed their work and lighted their fuse, doubtless will never return to this house. The failure of their plan alone will warn them."

"You are right, Tirplitz," responded the prime minister. "But let us wait a few days longer. Perhaps his majesty may recover sufficiently to travel. In that case we will quit the capital. The army, or most of it, is loyal. Let the pretenders play their card. We will call their hand, declare civil war, and let the god of battles decide."

"But if his majesty does not recover," countered Tirplitz. "What then? It is folly to remain here."

"It all depends on his majesty's condition—truly it is a faint hope. His death now——"

"Would end it all," Tirplitz had courage to utter the words.

Von Vlissengen nodded his affirmation.

Just then, Dr. Herns, chief of the royal physicians, entered the room. His face was grave and pale—worn thin by night of sleepless vigil at the bedside of the King.

Von Vlissengen looked up.

"Dr. Herns," he said, "I was about to send word to you. What is his majesty's condition?"

"His majesty," announced the physician, "is dead!"

The blow was so complete, so sudden, so overwhelming, that the two men who stood before the royal physician exchanged glances without speaking. The doom of the Regalshofen dynasty was sealed. The doctor understood the situation and withdrew without a word.

"Tirplitz," said Von Vlissengen, in husky tones, "go down to the telegraph room and tell the men on duty to give it up. Further search for Prince Robin is useless. I cannot conscientiously assume the responsibility of keeping my loyal followers beside me in this peril any longer. We will leave the palace—leave the kingdom. We have fought a good fight, but it is hopeless now."

Tirplitz departed silently. Von Vlissengen sat down to his desk and was collecting a few private papers he sought to save out of the wreck, when Tirplitz rushed into the room.

"Read that!" he cried, thrusting a cable blank into the prime minister's hand.

Von Vlissengen, adjusting his glasses, scanned the sheet. It was written in code—the old code used for communication of members of the royal family years ago. But Von Vlissengen, whose memory was keen, read it without difficulty.

"Dear father, I sail from New York today and will arrive in Kolberg on Thursday to fight to the death for the honor of the name of Regalshofen."

The cryptogram was signed K-3. K-3 was the code signature of Prince Robin.

"Tirplitz," said Von Vlissengen, reading the message to the General, "we still have hope. We will await the coming of Robin, and if the lad has the courage to take up the fight, I, at least, will be willing to die with him."

"And I, too, your excellency," pledged Tirplitz.

"No one but you, the surgeon, and myself know that the King is dead. Tell Dr. Herns what we have learned, and see that the word gets no further. The public must not know the truth. Each day the court circular will chronicle accounts of his audiences and activities. At all hazards this deception must be successfully maintained until Robin arrives."

Von Vlissengen's plan was a wise one, as his plans usually were. The plan was impossible, however. The word of Leopold's death by some unexplained channel had escaped the palace grounds. It spread like wildfire, and in a few hours was flashed to the four corners of the earth.

Von Vlissengen and what remained of the Regalshofen entourage quit the [illegible]. Their fight was done; the Regalshofens had lost. The gates of the royal residence were ajar, waiting the welcome of the Orlandoff ruler who already was on her reluctant way.

[illegible] story will be concluded in th[illegible] issue of the Led[illegible] During the c[illegible] stories will appear in th[illegible] If you are not already a [illegible] this paper, it will repay yo[illegible] a year's subscriptio[illegible] $1.00 [illegible] us hear from you at once.

❦ ❦ ❦

Making It Worse.

James Whitcomb [illegible] that he was summoned as a witness in a [illegible] tried in an Ind[illegible] rural court where one of the witnesses before him evinced some disinclination to state her age.

"Is it very necessary?" coyly asked the witness, a spinster of uncertain age.

"It is absolutely necessary, madam," interposed the judge.

"Well," sighed the maiden, "if I must I suppose I must. I didn't see how it could possibly affect the case, for you see"

"Madam," observed the judge, with some asperity. "I must ask you not to waste the time of this court. Kindly state your age."

Whereupon the spinster showed [illegible] of hysterics. "I am, that [illegible]"

"Madam, hurry up!" exclaimed the judge, now thoroly impatient. "Every minute makes it worse, you know."

❦ ❦ ❦

Our Great Men.

Senator Cummins of Iowa was discussing the child labor problem in the lobby of a Washington hotel the other night. Said he:

"When we consider the indifference with which so many of our gre[illegible] look upon the child labor [illegible] help wondering whether [illegible] so very great, after all."

The Senator paused and smiled.

"An orator," he said, "was addressing an assemblage of the people. He recounted the people's wrongs. Then he passionately cried:

"'Where are America's great men? Why don't they take up the cudgel in our defense? In the face of our manifold wrongs, why do they remain cold, immovable, silent?'

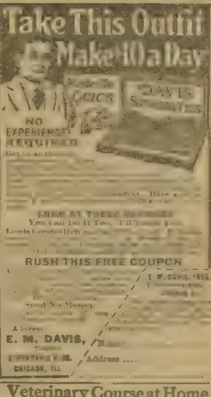
"'Because they're all cast in bronze,' shouted a [illegible] in the rear."

❦ ❦ ❦

Fixing the Responsibility.

"My husband tells me that he was out late last night with your husband."

"That isn't so. I want you to understand that my husband was out with your husband."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W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St. CHICAGO, ILL.

FARMS WANTED

HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR YOUR farm? Write A. Mohler, Monon Bldg., Chicago

BOYS AND GIRLS

GUARANTEED WATCH OR GOLD PLATED bracelet free to boys and girls for placing sample packet Seeds with friend[illegible] Seed Co., B-21, Cly, Pa.

FOR THE HOME

ENTER NOW OUR BIG ADVERTISING [illegible] Furniture Polish [illegible] Mfg. Co., River Forest, [illegible]

AGENTS WANTED

DIRECT TO CONSUMER. SALESMEN, [illegible] you satisfied with your earnings for [illegible] There is more money in [illegible] ny years. If you are [illegible] write us for choice te[illegible] [illegible]umer and dealer sales plan estab[illegible] you in a permanent business, unlik[illegible] inary canvassing propositio[illegible] Our Su[illegible]la-paintings and Superla-[illegible]ures are [illegible] most exquisite art reproductions of the [illegible] and excite the wonder and admiration of all who see them. Send for liberal com[illegible] oposition at once. The Cincinnati [illegible]ompany, 24 Beech St., Cincinnati,

$1,000 PER MAN PER COUNTY—STRANGE invention startles world—agen[illegible] Ten inexperienced men divide [illegible] Stad a farmer, did $2,200 in 14 day[illegible] [illegible]her, a minister, $195 first 12 [illegible] Sold cash, made, paid, banked b[illegible] in 30 days; $15,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only $6.50. Self-heating. N[illegible] waterworks required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today. Allen Mfg. Co., 111 Allen Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

AGENTS—100% PROFIT SELLING A SIMple, scientific device that prevents waste of coal and heat loss. Peerless Dampers are fitted to any stove pipe quickly. Easily sold in every home—for ranges and heaters. Small price helps sell it—one sale brings many more! Exclusive territory—write now! Knoll Mfg. Co., 7 Maple St., Reading Pa.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing [illegible]; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our [illegible] Specialty Candy Factories," home [illegible] Opportunity lifetime, booklet free. [illegible]gsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

ASTONISHING MONEY MAKER, NEW, original, fascinating plan introducing home supplies, factory to consumer. $25.00 weekly, [illegible] Write for terms and free goods offer quickly. Rider Mfg. Co., Dept. 201, Coshocton, Ohio.

WANTED RELIABLE PEOPLE—PLACE Eggine in stores and appoint sub-agents. [illegible]es place of eggs in baking and cooking at [illegible] doz. Large package and particulars 10c postpaid. Morrissey Company, 4403-21 Madison, Chicago.

EASY MONEY SHOWING QUEEN FABRIC dress goods. Honest, ambitious men and women wanted. Whole or part time. Experience unnecessary. Instructions ready. Be first in your locality. Queen Fabric Mfg. C[illegible], Dept. 442, Syracuse, N. Y.

$2.50 PER DAY SALARY PAID ONE MAN [illegible] lars and take orders for non alcoholic flavor in tubes. Permanent, easy work. Ziegler Co., 7 M. E. Harrison St., Chicago.

AGENTS—USE OUR CAPITAL, JUMP INTO big permanent business; New [illegible] tel Saver, fits any stov[illegible] exclusive territor[illegible]

POSTCARDS, VALENTINE, LINCOLN, Washington, St. Patrick, [illegible] 00 assorted $1.00 delivered [illegible] s—90c per 1,000. Gross Onard C[illegible] New York.

AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER wants reliable men, women, to sell guaranteed hosiery, underwear, shirts, direct to mes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, [illegible] Broadway, New York

1916 SENSATION! 11 PIECE TOILET SET [illegible] ing set free. Enormous profits. Tremendous hit! Engle made $51 first week. Write quick! Pierce Co., Dept. M, Chicago.

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME THAT'S a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian [illegible] Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

EASY MONEY FOR EVERYONE. SOMEthing new. Quick seller. Experience un[illegible]essary. Sample and outfit [illegible] barr, 2 South Sangamon Str[illegible]

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. Imperial Mfg. Co., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kans.

SAMPLES FREE. BIG MONEY SELLING [illegible] Quick sellers, constant repeaters, [illegible] territory. B. L. King, Cou[illegible]ersport.

AGENTS—500% PROFIT; GOLD AND SIL[illegible] sign letters for store a[illegible] windows. Any one can put on. Write tod[illegible] for free sample. Metallic Letter Co., 416 [illegible]rk, Chicago.

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY AND furnish rig and all expenses to [illegible] our guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Company, X 520, Springfield, Ill.

CUSTOM RAINCOATS, LARGEST LINE. Biggest commissions, free coat to good agents. Write today. Imperial Raincoat [illegible]

COLORED AGENT WANTED; BIG INSUR[illegible] Write quick. Box [illegible]-409

$22.50 PER WEEK AND EXPENSES TO travel, appointing agents for [illegible] stamp. Box 307, Shelby,

AGENTS—MANUFACTURE YOUR GOODS. 24 formulas, money-making winners, 10c. Mohler, Monon Bldg., Chicago.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents and storekeepers supplied.

HELP WANTED

DO YOU WANT $75.00 A MONTH? THOUsands U. S. Government jobs now obtainable. Steady work. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for free list of positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 30, Rochester, N. Y.

INVENTORS WANTED. YOUR IDEAS MAY mean fortune. Send sketch. Patents secured through new credit system. Book and advice free. Waters & Co., 4276 Warder Bldg., Washington, D. C.

$50 FOR RELIABLE MAN OR WOMAN; distribute 2,000 free pkgs. Borax Powder with Soaps, etc., in your town. No money or experience needed. B. W. Ward Co., 218 Institute, Chicago.

"BIG MONEY" COLLECTING AND SELLing names to Mail Order Firms—during spare time—Working Instructions 10c. Vern Badger, Alburg, V[illegible]

MEN — BECOME CHAUFFEURS. $18.00 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 809, Rochester, N. Y.

$35 WEEKLY COLLECTING NAMES AND addresses. Send 10c for contract. C. Rob[illegible]s, Box 7, Blue Island, Ill.

WE PAY 25c EACH FOR FARMERS' names. Send dime for contract. Sun, Leroy, Mich.

MALE HELP WANTED

ANY INTELLIGENT PERSON, EITHER SEX, of good education and business ability; must be able to handle correspondence and write a good business letter. An opportunity [illegible] a small but profitable mail order business in your own home or office; good for $100 a week when established, can be managed in spare time, evenings, or as a side line at first; grows rapidly. Send for particulars. Heacock [illegible] 757 Heacock Bldg., Lockport, N. Y.

WANTED—MEN TO LEARN THE BARBER trade. Few weeks completes. Tools given. Board secured. Positions or locations when competent. 33 big colleges. Write nearest one. Dept. 3, Moler System, Chicago, [illegible] Louis, Mo.; New Orleans, La.; Atlanta, Ga.; Kansas City, Mo.; Omaha, Neb.; Denver, Colo., Indianapolis, Ind.; San Francisco, Calif.

WANTED—MEN PREPARE AS FIREMEN, [illegible]kemen, electric motormen, train porters [illegible] Hundreds put to work—$6[illegible] to $150 [illegible] No experience [illegible] 500 more [illegible] Enclose stamp for application blank and book. State position. I. Railway C. I., Dept. A, Indianapolis, Ind.

LEARN AUTO TRADE IN MOST PRACTIcal school on coast. Course includes everything worth knowing about auto business. No time limit. Positions secured. Board and room while learning. Catalog free. National [illegible] of Engineering, Los Angeles. Est. 1905.

MEN TO QUALIFY FOR FIREMEN, BRAKEmen, Electric Motormen, $75-$100 month. Experience unnecessary. Write quick, stating position and locality wanted. Superintendent Railways Service Bureau, 1442 International [illegible] St. Louis, Mo.

MOTORMEN CONDUCTORS: $80 MONTH. [illegible] 770 Syndicate Trust, [illegible]

FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN $100 MONTH. [illegible] by the best railroads everywhere. Particulars free. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Illinois.

DO YOU WANT A SURE JOB WITH BIG pay, easy hours, and rapid advance? Write for my big Free Book DW 1034, which tells you how you can get a good government position.—Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

$10 PER 100 UPWARD PAID TACKING signs, distributing booklets, samples, etc. Send 6c stamps for price list paid secure territory. Shepard's Distributing Agency, Lebanon, N. H.

BE AN AUTOMOBILE EXPERT IN SIX weeks. Our big book tells you how. Autom[illegible] Training School, 1052 Locust St., Kansas City, Mo.

I CONDUCTED GOVERNMENT EXAMINA[illegible] you secure Rai[illegible] or othe[illegible] positions. Trial examination free [illegible] K, St. Louis

BE A DETECTIVE. EARN FROM $150.00 to $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kan[illegible]

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS—THORough instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil S[illegible]ice School, Washington, D[illegible]

BE A DETECTIVE; EARN $50-$100 WEEK. travel over the world. Experience un[illegible] United States Detective-Adjusting Agency, 115 Chemical, St. Louis.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS WANTED. COMmence $75.00 month. Sample examination questions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. F175, Rochester, N. Y.

I WILL START YOU EARNING $4 DAILY [illegible] silvering mirrors, free instr[illegible] G. F. Redmond, Dept. 400, Boston.

GOVERNMENT FARMERS WANTED. $60 [illegible] $125 monthly. Free living quarters. [illegible]ozment, 68 F, St. Louis.

SILVERING MIRRORS, PLATING TABLEware, auto-brass. Home booklet plans free. [illegible]rence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Ind.

$25 WEEKLY—SILVERING MIRRORS. [illegible]art right. Particulars free. Address [illegible] Shell, Box 190, Davenport, Iowa.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

REFINED LADIES WANTED TO INTROduce Priscilla Fabrics, Petticoats, D[illegible] Hosiery in spare time. Successful new plan. Samples free. Fitzcharles Company, Dept. 93, T[illegible], N. J.

FREE TO ANY WOMAN, BEAUTIFUL 42-piece gold decorated dinner set for distributing only 3 doz. free cakes of Complexion Soap. No money or experience needed. B. W. Tyrrell Ward, 218 Institute Place, Chicago.

LADIES—MAKE SHIELDS AT HOME, $10 per 100; no canvassing required. Send stamped addressed envelope for particulars. Eureka Co., Dept. 17, Kalamazoo, Mich.

WOMEN TO SEW; MATERIAL PREPAID to your house. Plain sewing. No canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Phila., Pa.

HUNDREDS GOVERNMENT JOBS OPEN TO women. $70 month. Write for list. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 28, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$15 MAY MAKE YOU $1,500. INVEST IN co-operative oil enterprise. Get interest in land and share in wells to be drilled on proven oil property and near hundreds of wells where millions are being made. Only $15; terms $1 monthly. Write for free literature. Mary Owens Oil Co., 438 First National Bank, Houston, Texa

$10 INVESTED MAY MAKE $1,000. GETS warranty deed, also interest in co-operative well to be drilled near big gusher oil field. Terms $1 cash, $1 monthly. Four lot combination $36. Particulars free. Triangle Oil Co., 407 Carter Bldg., Houston, [illegible]

$[illegible] $2 monthly; deed to lot, interest in two wells, one in Humble Oil Field, ten feet of producing oil wells. Particulars, Humble-Cypress Oil Company, 506 Commerical Bldg., Houston, Texas.

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RARE OPPORTUNITIES FOR MAKING money await you. Prompt action necessary. Information free. Department L 512, Schmulbach Building, Wheeling, W. Va.

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SOUTHERN LANDS ARE LOW IN PRICE but high in productive value; make two to four crops a year and give largest profits in grain, vegetables, fruits, live stock and dairying. Unsurpassed climate, good markets. Publications on request. M. V. Richards, Commissioner, Room 5, Southern Railway, Washington, D. C.

SMALL MISSOURI FARM. $5 CASH AND $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to three big markets. Write for photographs and full information. Munger, D. 133, N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

LANDOLOGY, A MAGAZINE GIVING THE facts in regard to the land situation. Three months' trial subscription, free. If for a home, or as an investment you are thinking of buying good farm lands, simply write me a letter marking it personal and say, "Mail me Landology and all particulars free." Address Lloyd M. Skinner, Gen'l Mgr., Skidmore Land Co., 26 Skidmore Bldg., Marinette, Wis.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

HAVE YOU IDEAS FOR PHOTOPLAYS OR stories? If so, we will accept them in any form—criticise free—sell on commission. Big rewards! Hundreds making money. Get details today. Story Revision Co., 500 Main, Auburn, N. Y.

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS, SHORT STORIES, Poems, $100 each. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 344 Cincinnati

HOMESTEADS

BIG INDIAN RESERVATION TO OPEN [illegible] uit, timber, [illegible] lands. Send 25 cents with [illegible] with reliable data about this great region. Daily World, Dept. R, Wenatchee, Wash.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. SMALL CAPI[illegible] nce needed [illegible] Catalog free [illegible] South Dearborn, Chi[illegible]

$50.00—NIGHTLY—START IN THE MOVing picture business on our installment plan. No experience necessary. Free catalog. Monarch Film Service, Dept. C, Memphis, Tenn.

OLD COINS WANTED

WILL PAY $750.00 CASH FOR $5 GOLD piece dated 1822 (without "In God We Trust"), $50.00 for 1853 half, without arrows, $5.00 to $50.00 cash for large cent 1799, etc. We pay cash premiums for all large cents, eagle cents, 2c pieces, etc., and all rare U. S. and foreign coins, bills and stamps to 1912. Thousands of rare coins wanted. Many valuable pieces are in circulation. Send 4c. Get our large illustrated Coin Circular containing valuable information. It may mean much to you. You certainly have nothing to lose. Send to Numismatic Bank of Texas, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

MEDICAL

WANTED — EVERYBODY SUFFERING Piles, Fistula, Fissures, [illegible] stipation, Bleeding, Itching [illegible] Positive. Painless Pile Re[illegible] A[illegible]rn, Ind.

LADIES, STOP WORRYING, SURE, SAFE, harmless tablets. Bottle 30, $1 [illegible] Plain wrapper. Michigan Rem[illegible] 17-Kendall Bldg., Grand Ra[illegible]

PERSONAL

PERSONAL. LONELY YOUNG LADY, AGE 21, weight, 136; height, 5 ft. 5; dark brown hair; violet blue eyes; fair complexion; sweet, lovable disposition; American, college education, refined, cultured, accomplished in music, enjoys good health; easy to get along with. Property worth $25,000; will inherit [illegible] more; yearly income $1,200. Would [illegible] after her property. Some man answering may secure wife who will assist financially. More particulars for any man answering quick enclosing some postage. Address "Sincere" (B 520), Valley, Nebr. (No general deliveries.) This notice is genuine

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven P[illegible] They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z. R.)

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE THE SPECIAList will obtain his latest book on symptoms and cure of varicocele, stricture and urinary diseases. Every man should have it; postage 4 cts. Send today. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

LET ME READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. H. G. Beauchamp, 2583 8th Ave., New York City.

FOUR BOOKS, 230 PP., THE WONDERFUL life and splendid visions of the Cathol[illegible] Christian, stigmatized [illegible] Catherine Emmerich, for [illegible] Store, Brandon, Minn.

MARRY RICH—BIG LIST OF DESCRIPtions and photos of congenial people with means FREE. Sealed. Either sex. Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Illinois.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

LOVERS, SEND ONLY 20 CENTS, FOR $1.75 packages Patented Lovine Sachet. Real thing. Guaranteed. Never fails. Union, Box 100, Palatine, Ill.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOKS OF MOSES Egyptian secrets—Interesting magazine free for 2c postage. Star Novelty Company, [illegible] New Je[illegible]

DARE YOU WRITE? A LONELY FARMer, 50, worth $70,000. Would marry. [illegible] 7-4th Street, San Francisc[illegible]

LOVERS' SACHET WINS YOUR SWEETheart without delay. Powder and its [illegible]CRET" [illegible] Britt's, Stone St., Newark, N[illegible]

MATRIMONIALLY INCLINED? GET MARried. Names, addresses and [illegible] Henry Mallon, Box 163, Ch[illegible]

"FRENCH MAID," FOUR GENUINE PHOto poses and catalog, $1 [illegible]ston, Box 436, Bridgeport, Illinois.

EXCHANGE CARDS, LETTERS, PHOTOS with pretty girls, membership 10c. Jolly Card Exchange, Decatur, Indiana

FUTURE TOLD—10c BIRTHDATE, SATISfaction guaranteed. Florence [illegible] 705 S. La Salle St., Dept. [illegible]

GET MARRIED, LARGEST MATRIMONIAL magazine published. Mailed fr[illegible] St. Paul, Minn.

FUTURE AND PAST TOLD. SEND 10C and birth date. James Smith, 326 Madison St., Chicago.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Mailed free. Th[illegible] respondent, Toledo, Ohio.

FROM BALLROOM TO HELL, A GREAT book. Startling truths revea[illegible] Enterprise, E-33

100 BATHING BEACH GIRLS, IN ASSORTed, bewitching poses, 10c. [illegible] Lowe Ave., Chicago.

MARRY RICH—WRITE ME. CLUB IS BEST plan. Particulars for stamp. Oro Co., [illegible]loy, Mich.

SANITO COTS, PURE RUBBER, THREE sizes. One for 25c, 3-50c, 7-$1 [illegible] Specialty Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.

RICH BOOKS AND PHOTOS SAMPLE 10c both with catalo[illegible]

FRIENDSHIP OR LOVE EASILY WON OR regained. Information 25 cents. W. Welch, Box 35, Adrian, Mich.

MARRY—BIG PAPER WITH ALL NAMES, addresses and photos, [illegible] Boston, Mass.

LOVERS' PERFUME POWDER SECRET and full directions, one dime. Scientific [illegible]xtract Co., Akron, Ohio.

FUTURES TOLD—SEND DIME, STAMP, [illegible] Le Noi, 2821M

HUNDREDS WEALTHY MEMBERS SEEK early marriage. Descriptions free. Mrs. Wrubel, 732 15th St., Oakland, Calif.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

INSTRUCTION

FREE. COMPLETE HOME COURSE IN PENmanship fo [illegible] Bu-in [illegible]

PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Free patentability search and report. [illegible] sketch and description of invention [illegible] patent book [illegible] bution. (Nin[illegible] [illegible] Building, [illegible]

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. [illegible] "Pat[illegible] How to Get Your Pat[illegible] Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorn[illegible] Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

"PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES" [illegible] and where to sell it. Manufac[illegible] ly writing for patents. Help [illegible] mand. Books free. H[illegible] len Building, Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly. 112 pg Blue Book free. Trade marks registered. Robb & Robb, [illegible] Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

Scorched Girl-Moths

(Continued From Page 4.)

where, to shield the children from the rude winds of bitter adversity, and to set them safely, happily upon Easy street.

But John Whitcome's indulgent pride in his daughter had one feature that he feared she did not appreciate. He was the superintendent of the village Sunday-school, a churchman of long standing, besides acting in the town councils as an esteemed member whose judgments were looked up to in every emergency.

"Well, if he calls I'll look him over," her father promised warmly, satisfied that Anabelle was so frankly open with him about things of this sort. "You think you are grown up, I suppose—eighteen years makes a girl feel old doesn't it?"

"Oh, I guess I'm no baby any more, anyhow," Anabelle retorted, taking up the gold coin and studying its design.

If her father gave another thought to the young hunter, his mind was at ease with the thought that the young man was but passing thru town, had left his bit of gold and his smile, and would not return. His case was thus easily disposed of until such time as he might call to see his daughter, who was the social equal of the best. His pride in Anabelle insisted that she could hold her own anywhere.

"If you put that gold-piece in my top bureau drawer in the little jewelry box with those old rings, it will be safe enough," he told her, as he rose from the table.

"All right, papa, I'll put it there."

Her father paused after taking up his hat. Vaguely he felt that something was wrong somewhere, but how or why he did not at once determine. He felt tired and spiritless, and his eyes, glancing at the table with its unattractive viands, rested there while he paused.

"I guess you'd better hunt up some of your mother's old cook books, Anabelle, and see if you can't make something good to eat. I don't believe I've had all I'd like to eat, somehow. You can do first rate, if you try."

"Oh, all right, papa," was the answer.

Anabelle was going out with the gold-piece. She was in no mood to be made irritable with her father's advice, reproaches, or warnings. In a moment she had found the small jewelry box in a corner of the old bureau in her father's bedroom, and laid it open ready for the gold-piece. But she did not put it in at once. She held it against her cheek and gazed at herself in the mirror over the bureau, and smiled at the face that had pleased Jack Weldon so well that he had asked if he might write to her. It was no use to tell her father about that. Mercy, no! He would never understand. He would think it impossible. It would shock his ideas of proper conduct. Anabelle stopped smiling and looked into her own eyes as a mother might look at a child.

"Well, any[illegible] all right—it's all right, I know it is," she thought wilfully, "so there. And I wonder what this ten-dollar gold-piece will be spent for, and how long it will stay in this little box? I almo[illegible] h father'd give it to me for a keep[illegible]. Maybe [illegible] will—maybe he will. And I'll show it to Jack—if he ever should [illegible]" She stopped and smiled again at the girl in the mirror, a shy and pouting smi[illegible] it w[illegible] that sent her away to m[illegible] the [illegible] upon the much [illegible] work in the kitchen.

"[illegible]," s[illegible]id, as she piled in the dirty dishes into the sink, "the next thing that happens to me is going to the Old Settlers' picnic with Frank Simpson—and I'm going to be bored to death, I know I am."

This most interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food [illegible] freckle, pimple, blemish or [illegible], clear and smooth. It is [illegible]

SOFT IMPEACHMENT.

[illegible] when Willie's neighbor, Fred
[illegible]
[illegible] then he said
[illegible]

[illegible] studied Willie's face
[illegible] and redder grew.
[illegible]
If Fred's [illegible]

Yes this explained his cleanliness
Till now a mystery,
His polished shoes, his love of dress
His frequent loans from me.

When Baby Jim took up the cry
Of "Willie's girl," with dread
I saw a look in Willie's eye
That boded ill for Fred.

And Lucy—she should be ashamed
To tease her brother so—
In gayest banter next exclaimed
"Ah, ha, that's where you go!"

I bade her cease. The boys went out
And, from the yard below,
I heard a sudden angry shout
And then blow after blow

I summoned Willie; he came [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] to settle Fred

* * *

A Wolverine Lumberjack

(Continued From Page 13.)

kill you exactly," Stimson assured him.

He stooped, and with extra line commenced to tie the helpless man by head and feet to the base of two saplings at suitable distance. "But I'm a-going to leave you to die when you get good and ready."

"You fiend!" Manning groaned, then was silent, knowing words were useless. A minute later a gag, deftly contrived, made speech impossible.

"I learnt that from the Apaches out West, same place I got handy with the cattle hitch. Now, you take your time a-dyin', for nobody's going to come round and disturb you. Before hunters find your ant-eaten body I'll be where suspicion won't matter."

He next took from his side pocket a small oblong book and slipped it into the scaler's coat.

"Here's a little souvenir of the occasion. It's Mr. Brett's check book what I found in his pocket when—you know—and as it wasn't no good to me, and I was bound it shouldn't be no good to him," he said, with a jerk of his thumb toward the corpse back of the log, "I had to keep it by me. It's Brett's check book, an' when you're found with it on you they'll think you killed him."

"You devil!" Manning thought, as the hideous depths of the swamper's malice was revealed.

"Well, it's two o'clock," the man remarked, with a glance at his large-faced silver watch. "It won't do for me to stay here gassing, so good-by and a pleasant afternoon to you." With a parting grin of leering spite, he turned toward the waiting horse tied in the distant underbrush and was gone.

Manning now had leisure to consider his fearful dilemma. Not only was he doomed to lingering death, tortured by hunger, thirst, and rioting insects, but after death his name was to be coupled with the murder of the late manager. Thruout the long hours of his vigil he was conscious of that other presence beyond the fallen tree. He could, in imagination, see the dark, sinister face changing to the marbleized majesty of death. He began to speculate on the length of time he might live in that condition. Then ensued moments when he strained savagely, uselessly, at his b[illegible]. He cursed his reticence in not con[illegible] to Floyd his mission. He wonder[illegible] they would institute a search or—disquieting thought—would they think he had slipped off to Detroit in anxi[illegible] to clear up the mystery of his uncl[illegible]lence? He thought, with loathing [illegible] the easy prey he had twice become to [illegible] enemies. For hours he watched the lowering sky, then the th[illegible] tempest broke, and rain descended in torrents.

As time dragged slowly, relentlessly, no sound came to the captive's [illegible] save the drip, drip, drip of m[illegible] from the weeping foliage above [illegible] pattered on the dun earth below. [illegible] birds had hushed their songs, no [illegible]ing creature stirred. Above the corpse of Nordyke drops gathered on the wide leaves of an overhanging oak, and dropped one by one on the upturned face like repentant tears. Thru the lonely forest roared the muffled music of falling rain; in the distance rumbled the bass notes of muttering thunder: this was Nordyke's requiem, even [illegible] of musketry had been his wedding orchestra.

The conclusion of this remarkable story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

* * *

Good Schemers.

"I am surprised that you have let a numskull like that get ahead of you!" said Mrs. Wollipus to her son.

"Don't you ever worry about a numskull getting ahead of you, my son," put in Wollipus. "When it comes to scheming the fool is there every time. A man may have a powerful intellect and a splendid education, and he may know a lot of people and things, and still not be able to scheme one-two-six alongside a perfect numskull.

"People without brains can outscheme the very old Nick. I know what I'm talking about. Providence takes care of them. They never ge[illegible] left. If Simp[illegible] is getting out of work, and some kind person will be sure to come along and point out to him the best place to fish.

"I used to know a girl who hadn't as much sense as a middle man, yet she could outscheme Solomon himself. She could scheme herself into the good graces of the wisest old codger in the land, and scheme him out of his hardest working son for a husband. She could scheme herself into society, right into the best seat in the front row. She could scheme herself into the sheltered nook on the sunny side in winter and into the shade in summer.

"Worthy people walked while she rode, and went hungry while she ate and fanned herself and reclined comfortably.

"A numbskull can get as much out of life as a conjurer can out of a stovepipe hat. A female schemer can scheme a beau away from a more deserving girl any time. There is no help for it."

"That's funny, dad," interposed young Wollipus. "I've heard ma say several times that there was a schemer after you when she got you."

"Don't you believe it," said Wollipus. "If the schemer had wanted me she could have had me. Nothing could have saved me. Her scheme was not to get me, but to make your mother think she wanted to get me.

"When your mother got the impression that the schemer wanted me she wrote a frantic letter to her aunt in Uruguay begging her to invite the schemer there for a visit, and to get her out of the way at any cost.

"The aunt obligingly did so, which was precisely what the schemer wanted. She got a lovely trip, and all your mother got was a husband."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Wollipus. "She got the best of it, all right. She got on the good side of my aunt and will inherit all her money."

"Which goes to prove just what I said," observed Wollipus, calmly.

* * *

Looking for Dead Cats.

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The Attendant—"Is a cat such a wonderful curiosity?"

Visitor—"No; but it's some satisfaction to see a dead one once in a while."

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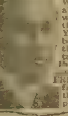

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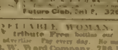

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Captain Kidd's Treasure

:-: Or, :-:

The Mystery of Shelter Cove

By Capt. Jack Judson

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CHAPTER I.

IN THE dusk of an ideal summer day, two boys, Dick Spencer and Rodney Sells, wandering thru the woods of the Long Island shore within sound of the heavy breakers, came across the body of a man lying among some leaves.

The discovery was enough to cause them to stop at once, and after a moment they drew back with exclamations of horror. Near the body lay a sack such as peddlers sometimes carry, and some of its contents were scattered over the ground.

"It is old Danny Bimm!" suddenly exclaimed Rodney. "The old peddler has been murdered!"

"It cannot be, Rodney, for who would murder such an inoffensive old man?"

Dick was silent for a moment, then he stooped and began to examine the scattered contents of the bag.

"It isn't here," said he suddenly, looking up at his young companion.

"What is missing, Dick?"

"Why, that mysterious paper he used to carry, and which he guarded so well. I am convinced that it contained the hiding-place of Captain Kidd's treasure."

"But how did he ever co[illegible] possession of it?"

"Old Danny's grandfather was once a pirate and sailed with the notorious Captain Kidd who once harried these coasts. He mentioned that once when he stayed all night at our house. Last fall I saw him at this very place measuring distances from yon big tree. He was unaware of my presence, and I did not care to disturb him. He has been killed for his paper, but whether the murderer got it or not I can't say."

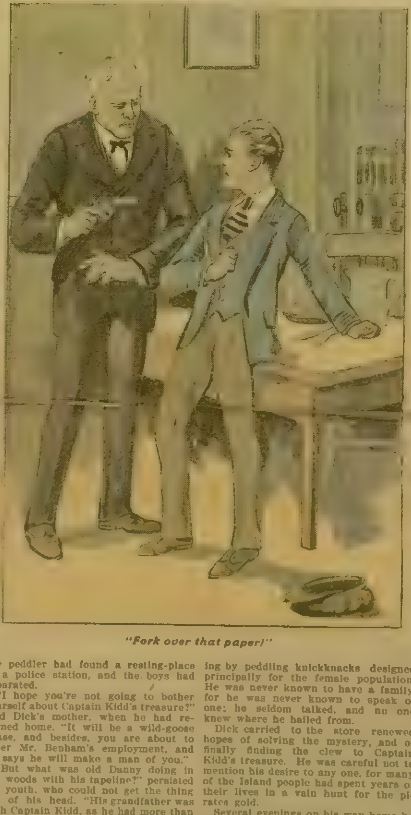
The boys discovered that the peddler had been struck down with a club from behind. A foul blow it was, and death must have ensued instantly.

"Well, the paper is lost, then, and with it the pirate's treasure, if it ever existed," remarked Rodney, but Dick shook his head.

"It's worth looking for, anyway," he answered determinedly. "There is no telling how much treasure the old pirate buried in these woods, and I believe it is worth looking for."

"With the diagram gone?" exclaimed Rodney. "It will be love's labor lost. The best we can do is to inform the authorities so that Danny may be decently buried.

In less than two hours the corpse of the peddler had found a resting-place in a police station, and the boys had separated.



"Fork over that paper!"

"I hope you're not going to bother yourself about Captain Kidd's treasure?" said Dick's mother, when he had returned home. "It will be a wild-goose chase, and besides, you are about to enter Mr. Benham's employment, and he says he will make a man of you."

"But what was old Danny doing in the woods with his tapeline?" persisted the youth, who could not get the thing out of his head. "His grandfather was with Captain Kidd, as he had more than once told us, and he undoubtedly carried a diagram of the treasure spot."

"Don't fool with it. Go to Mr. Benham and learn to be a useful man."

"I'd like to know who killed old Danny and why," said Dick, sitting down at the table. "It's a foul murder, anyway——"

"And is apt to be an endless mystery. He must have been killed for the little money he carried, and the murderer will never be known."

Dick finished his meal, but his thoughts were with the discovery he and Rodney had made in the woods.

The next day he entered the employ of Jonas Benham, the head merchant of Bloomfield, which was a pretty place of about one thousand inhabitants, with a snug little harbor, used mainly by the fishing smacks that frequent that part of the bay.

The murder near Shelter Cove had already spread in every direction and the people were discussing it everywhere. All agreed that the old man was never guilty of any foul deed, but was kind and gentle, and made his living by peddling knickknacks designed principally for the female population. He was never known to have a family, for he was never known to speak of one; he seldom talked, and no one knew where he hailed from.

Dick carried to the store renewed hopes of solving the mystery, and of finally finding the clew to Captain Kidd's treasure. He was careful not to mention his desire to any one, for many of the Island people had spent years of their lives in a vain hunt for the pirates gold.

Several evenings on his way home he took in the scene of the murder as if drawn thither by some uncontrollable magnet, for he believed that the old peddler had been killed while looking for the treasure. It was a wild, weird spot, swept by the winds from the bay, and the little cove was just the place for a heinous crime.

"What was that?" said the boy to himself, the fourth night, as he sprang behind a tree and sought shelter from observation.

A light was moving thru the woods, and he presently saw the figures of three men. The lantern did not send forth a very strong light, but the breathless boy saw the trio halt at the very spot where he and Rodney had found the murdered man.

His eyes were on the alert, and presently he made out the form of Noll Shavers, the village constable. Shavers was a man he had never liked, for he came to Benham's store and made himself obnoxious by always missing the spittoon. One of the other men was Gost Blair, a member of the Bloomfield council and a man who stood rather high in the community, while the third, to his astonishment, was his employer, Jonas Benham.

"Now that's a pretty kettle of fish!" exclaimed Dick. "What are they doing here this time o' night? Here's where old Danny was killed and where we found him."

One of the men hung the lantern on the nearest limb and the constable fixed a string to the tree. Their next move was to measure a certain distance around the oak, but not a word that he could hear was spoken.

All at once Benham sprang to the lantern and instantly put it out.

"Each man for himself!" Dick heard him exclaim. "We'll try it some other time." There were sounds of racing footsteps, and Benham and his friends were gone.

Almost instantly there were other voices on the spot, and another lantern was seen. This time six men made their appearance to the boy spy, and he carefully watched their doings. The six also measured off a space of ground near the tree, and began to dig with spades and shovels. For more than an hour they toiled diligently, until at last they grew tired.

"It's not here," cried a burly fellow. "The Captain must have hidden his treasure elsewhere. We must give it up for the night, boys."

And they did, for they shouldered their implements and tramped away with a good many curses of disappointment.

All these events filled Dick with mystery. He did not quit the spot till the last sounds of footfalls had ceased [illegible] his ears, and then he turned [illegible] homeward. Had he seen the murderers of old Danny Bimm?

On his way home he had been o[illegible] to tramp over a new road w[illegible] been made soggy by recent rains, and a good deal of yellow mud had stuck to his shoes. He did not think of this until he reached the house, and then he wiped them as well as he could and entered, going straight to his room in the second story.

The moon came up rounded like a silver ball, and the night was so beautiful that Dick took a seat by the open window, half hidden by summer vines.

Presently a figure stole out of the nearest forest and made its way toward the house. Dick watched it closely, and noticed as the man approached that he wore a mask. The boy drew the vines closer about his face, and regarded the newcomer with all eyes.

The unknown came on until he stood at the lower door, and then Dick could no longer see him. But at the same time he heard slight sounds, and after

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a while the nightbird stole away and vanished among the ghostly trees.

"He's put something on the door," thought Dick. "He came here for no good purpose," and the following moment he had crept down the stair and opened the portal.

Sure enough, just as he had imagined, a bit of paper was fastened to one of the panels, and he jerked it loose.

His heart was in a flutter as he bore his find up to his room and lit the lamp. Breathlessly he leaned over the paper and read the scrawl it contained with distended eyes as follows:

> "Warning: If the finder of this note doesn't want to follow old Danny Bimm, let him attend to his own business after dark.
>
> "THE RED HANDS."

Dick read the paper over twice, and then looked up with a pale face and flashing eyes.

"I'll do what I please!" he cried. "I'm determined to find out about old Danny's murder and unearth Captain Kidd's treasure if I can. They are not going to scare me off the trail."

CHAPTER II.

"SO, YOU'VE lost your job?"

Dick and Rodney were walking home from the store the fourth night after the events just recorded. Dick turned upon his companion with an incredulous face.

"Lost my job, you say?" he exclaimed. "Who told you?"

"Alice."

Alice was Jonas Benham's ward, one of the prettiest girls in Bloomfield and Dick's particular friend.

"If Alice says so, it must be true," Dick replied, after a thoughtful moment. "Who is to be my successor?"

"Bosty Shavers, the constable's nephew from New York."

"Exactly. I remember him. He was over here last summer and acted like a bully." Dick was talking with some feeling now. "I see thru the whole scheme. I am to lose my place because I want to find Captain Kidd's treasure. Never mind, Rodney. They aren't going to sweep me from their path like a speck of dust. But when does Mr. Bosty Shavers come?"

"He'll be here tomorrow and I suppose will assume duty at once. You'll get your walking papers in the morning, I suppose."

The boys separated at Dick's gate, which was a short distance from the edge of the town, and the young clerk and treasure hunter went at once to bed.

"I see the whole plot. They don't want me around when there is talk of certain kind going on at the store. Bosty can keep his mouth shut. Well, we'll see in the morning."

He rolled over and was soon asleep. Nothing disturbed his dreams that night, and the next morning when he presented himself at the store he found the youth from New York behind the counter as if he had been there from the first. Dick stepped forward and stood near the counter. Mr. Benham came forward rubbing his hands.

"I've concluded to try Bosty," said he to Dick. "His uncle the constable, wants to make a merchant out o' him, and thinks the chance to start him is right here in Bloomfield."

"That is your business, not mine, Mr. Benham," Dick answered as complacently as he could, tho it was an effort to restrain himself. "You ought to know whom you want."

Meanwhile the new clerk was eyeing Dick from head to foot, silently taking his measure, as it were.

"I go back, then," Dick said, taking little notice of the look of triumph that loomed up in Bosty's eyes. "I want a pound of coffee first."

Bosty hastened to get it, and Dick stood by watching the weighing process.

"Have you ever clerked before?" he suddenly asked, lifting his gaze to his successful rival.

"I guess I have. I knew more about running a grocery store before coming here than some country kids would learn in a whole year."

"They taught you the light-weight trick, then," quietly observed Dick.

Bosty jerked his hand off the scales with an angry word.

"Do you accuse me of cheating?" he roared, as his eyes suddenly flashed and his face grew red.

"You're giving me light weight, anyhow, and doing it knowingly."

"That's a lie!" was the thundering response, and the next second Bosty had leaped over the counter and sent Dick back with a swinging blow.

"I'll teach you manners, you young country rube!" he cried. "I don't allow any of your stripe to accuse me of cheating."

Almost before he could finish the sentence, Dick got second wind, and he landed Bosty against the counter with a sounding thud. The next moment they had clinched and were struggling on the floor, coolly regarded by Benham and several others who had just stepped in. Among the latter was the village constable.

Bosty was Dick's master in weight, but he was bulky and did not possess Dick's agility and suppleness. At length the Bloomfield boy got the hold he wanted, and then, summoning all his strength, he lifted the young bully from the floor and threw him behind the counter, where he sprawled among a lot of things with a loud cry.

"I'll take my coffee another time," he said, turning to Jonas Benham whose face was white. "If you want to keep at the head of trade in Bloomfield, I advise you to get rid of that short-weight bully," and a minute later Dick was walking up the street as if nothing out of the common had taken place.

He was quite certain he now had another enemy to deal with in the person of Bosty Shavers, but he considered himself capable of taking care of that young gentleman, and made up his mind to do so in the near young future.

In the meantime the coroner had held an inquest over the body of Danny Bimm, the peddler, and had come to the conclusion that the old man had come to his death at the hands of some person unknown. It was a verdict that everybody expected, and the dark crime would soon be discussed no more in Bloomfield.

Dick was not so sore over his dismissal as he was over the sneaking manner in which it had been given. He felt that his search for Captain Kidd's treasure had in a large measure brought it about, and the warning which had been pinned to his door confirmed this. Somebody wanted him out of the road, but who?

The fact that he had seen two groups of men at the tree from which the peddler had taken several measurements convinced him that the true route to the pirate's riches was as yet unknown, and he felt that it could not be found without the diagram which the old man was supposed to have carried.

Dick's mother did not much regret his dismissal, for she had never had a high opinion of Jonas Benham's honesty, and when Dick promised to "get even" with his old employer some day she made no comment

That night as Dick was walking near his home, he was suddenly pounced upon by three men who bore him hastily away. A heavy hand was clapped over his mouth, and for some time he was not allowed a glimpse of his abductors. When he did get so much as a peep at them he discovered that every face was so well hidden that he could not see an inch of skin.

He was carried swiftly toward the coast, the cool breeze from which fanned his face, and in a little while he was placed aboard a little yawl which rocked in a cove. Before a single word was spoken, his hands and feet were bound and he was thrown roughly into the bottom of the boat whose lashings were cut, and the yawl went seaward with a jerk.

"Straight ahead," was the first word the boy heard spoken, and it was in a strange voice.

Out from the cove shot the yawl, out underneath the canopy of stars where now and then a watery moon peeped from behind the drifting clouds. Already the shore was out of sight, and Dick could no longer see the glimmering lights of Bloomfield.

"Now, young sir, where is it?" suddenly growled one of the men who bent over him. "Hand over the paper and be quick about it."

Dick looked up into the murderous eyes and did not flinch, tho he knew he was dealing with desperadoes.

"What do you want me to hand over?" he asked.

"That paper you took from old Danny Bimm when you settled his hash in the woods."

"I never saw any paper that he carried, and I did not kill the old man."

"You can tell that double lie to the marines," was the response. "We don't want stuff of that sort. Hand it over, I say."

"Search me and see if I have it," Dick answered.

The search was immediate and without refinement. Ruthless hands went thru every part of Dick's clothing. He was subjected to every possible indignity by his captors, who finally desisted.

"Tell us where you've hidden it," exclaimed the head of the night hawks.

"I can't hide what I've not found."

"That settles it, then."

Dick's hopes of freedom rose for a moment, but they were soon dashed to earth. The yawl kept on getting out into the open bay and encountering the heavy seas there. He had before noticed that a small boat attached to the yawl was following it, and he wondered what it was for. At length with the dark waters about them, Dick was lifted up and placed in the bottom of the oarless boat.

"Good luck to you!" said one of the four. "The fish are hungry."

In another second the boat's lashings were severed, and he saw the yawl put about. His heart sank within him. He was to be left helpless at the mercy of wave and storm. Without a word he watched the yawl drift away till it was lost; he saw for the last time its masts, and then darkness hid everything from sight.

The waters lashed the sides of his little boat with tigerish vehemence, then a long peal of thunder crept over the face of the deep, and the boy mercilessly doomed to death shut his eyes and prayed for mercy.

CHAPTER III.

IT THREATENED to be a long night for Dick Spencer, even if he were to be permitted to see the light of another day. Helpless in the boat that rolled and tossed on the waves in the forefront of the coming storm, he could only shut his eyes and thereby keep out the vivid lightning which nearly blinded him. Now and then an in-pushing boat's light showed itself for a second, and then it was doused by the darkness.

He hugged the bottom of his frail shell as if there was real safety in it. The storm at its height made a plaything of the boat, and the heaving waters getting into it wet him to the skin.

Would day never come? Seconds were hours to him in his terrible plight, and minutes seemed eternity.

At length to his dreary eyes came a faint streak of day. He greeted it with a cry of joy, and raised himself on his elbow to make sure he could not have mistaken it. It was day sure enough. He was still in the boat, spared thru the wild night by a Power mightier than man. His heart leaped high in his bosom when he discovered the tall spires and skyscrapers of New York.

The boat drifted inward sluggishly. He was not going back to Long Island, the scene of his troubles, but to a place where perhaps newer and stranger adventures awaited him.

The harbor seemed to welcome with a heartless shudder, but for all that a man caught sight of him and pulled him up to the wharf.

"A thousand thanks!" exclaimed Dick, joyfully, when he stood erect once more looking into the sympathizing face of his rescuer. "I wouldn't go thru another such night as that for all the gold in this city."

"I reckon not, seeing as how you were fixed in that paper boat. Where do you live?"

"At Bloomfield."

"Eh?" exclaimed the man, leaning forward. "How came you to be trussed up that way?"

Dick narrated his adventures in a few words.

"What rascals they were!" the man cried, his eyes flashing underneath dark brows. "I wish I had 'em here for the police."

"I wish so, too," responded Dick, for want of something better to say just at that time.

"But what made 'em do it?" continued the old man.

Dick smiled. "They thought I carried the key to Captain's Kidd's treasure," and then he was almost sorry he had spoken.

"They've been lookin' for it along the Island ever since I've been a boy. I used to go out myself after it, and always came home with an empty pocket."

"Don't you believe it exists?"

"To be sure I do, but where?"

"You never heard of Danny Bimm, then?"

The old man started abruptly.

"To be sure I have. The old fellow

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"I never felt better in my life since I [illegible] taking Sargol. The first two weeks I gained [illegible] and am gaining every day. Sargol makes [illegible] sleep and I don't get up with a [illegible] feeling any more," writes J. C. Weaver, and N. D. Sanderson adds, "when I started Sargol I weighed 147 lbs. and now I weigh 160 lbs. Everybody is telling me how fat you have got in the last month."

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How to make success out of skunk farming
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How to tell the grades, and how to improve the grades.
It shows how to increase the size of the animal, and increase the fur price.
What the skunk is noted for, what it does for the farmer even in its wild state
Every conceivable point brought out in a scientific manner, easily understood by the ordinary farmer, hunter or trapper
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[illegible] "He has been [illegible]

"[illegible] what I'm going to find out [illegible]" Dick said confidently.

"[illegible] re? You, a boy?" cried the man. "Well, I think I know who might help you."

"Who?" eagerly inquired Dick.

"[illegible] Stumps, the lawyer, Cyrus Stumps. He knew old Danny well. He knew that the old man carried a bit of paper which told how to find the treasure, and once when the old man was asleep in his office, Stumps made an exact copy of it."

"What! made a copy of old Danny's [illegible]"

"That's just what he did. I saw it once, but couldn't make head or tail out of it. Now, if you could see Cyrus Stumps, and you two just put your heads together, mebbe you could unearth and divide Captain Kidd's treasure, for Stumps say it is worth a king's ransom. Would you like to see Stumps?"

"I wouldn't mind!" said Dick.

In a few moments he was walking along the pier with his rescuer, and not long thereafter they came to a rickety building over the door of which hung a lawyer's sign.

"Here's where the Stumps hold to the ground," said the man. "We'll just go up and see if the old fleecer is in."

The man pushed open a door, and without the slightest ceremony both walked in. A peaked-faced man of 60 was sitting at a table taking his breakfast, which consisted of beer and crackers. He didn't look very good to Dick.

"[illegible]" said the old wharfer. "Here's a youngster I've just pulled out o' the water. He's been lookin' for Captain Kidd's treasure, and might give you some pointers."

The old lawyer almost dropped his mug of foam and stared at Dick. The old man instantly withdrew.

"[illegible] looking for it, too, like the rest of the fools [illegible] down. Will you have a mug?"

"No, thank you. I don't care for the stuff."

"That much saved, then," was the growl. "Where have you been combing the beach for the loot?"

"On Long Island."

"And have got nothing for your pains but stiff legs? Ha, ha, that's the way it goes. You see I have a pretty good clew to the treasure, and will have it for sure just as soon as a certain old man turns up again."

"But what if he never turns up?" queried Dick.

"Oh, but he will. He always comes here when he gets to the city."

"If you're talking about Danny Bimm, the peddler, I guess I can give you some news about him."

"He isn't dead, eh?" cried the lawyer, leaning across the table with open mouth.

"Dead as a mackerel."

"You see it's this way, boy," resumed Stumps. "I used to let him sleep in my office, knowing that his grandfather once sailed with Captain Kidd. One [illegible] found the secret diagram to the lost treasure. I thought I copied it all right, but there must have been a companion paper about him which I missed. What a fool I was. Mebbe you've got the other paper."

There was a smile in the old lawyer's eyes now, and Dick instinctively recoiled.

"If I had it I wouldn't be here," answered [illegible]

Cyrus Stumps left his chair and came around the table to where Dick sat.

"I see thru the whole job. You're looking for the paper I don't happen to possess, and you've got it now in your clothes."

There was the fury of a wolf in the tones that saluted Dick's ears. He now wished he had never been tolled to the lawyer's den.

"If I had it, don't you think the villains who put me in the boat would have found it? They went thru me like a lot of thieves, and had to give up their business as a bad job."

"Oh, that's only your story. I've run [illegible] on the witness stand. I'll take that paper, and I'll take it right away."

Dick continued to protest that he did not possess the wanted document, and in the most vehement language.

Suddenly Stumps reached back and jerked a revolver from a drawer. The muzzle of the weapon was thrust into the boy's face, which at once went deathly pale.

"I'll give you just a minute in which to [illegible] that paper. With [illegible] it I will be the richest lawyer in New York. Dive down into your anatomy and bring it to the light."

"What I do not possess I can't bring to light," returned the youth. "You are at liberty to search every inch of me as the others did."

The only reply was the [illegible] of the cocked weapon, [illegible] looked to Dick as large as a cannon. A happy thought took sudden [illegible] He dived one hand into an inner pocket and threw a letter upon the table.

"There!" cried he, as he did so, "[illegible] take your paper if you want [illegible]"

[illegible] uttered a cry of victory [illegible] up the letter. [illegible] in the stretching [illegible] of Stumps' hand, Dick sprang [illegible] feet, and lifting the chair above [illegible], brought it down upon the old criminal's skull.

"And take that also with my compliments [illegible]," as Stumps sank [illegible] ot of the table.

"[illegible] nest right into an[illegible]" Dick, dropping back. "I [illegible] at getting hold of Captain Kidd's [illegible] re is going to be a task, [illegible] keep on till I've found something worth while for my pains," and in another moment Stumps was the only occupant of his den.

This thrilling story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger.. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

Practice.

The captain had not been long married when he was ordered into camp. To be sure, the camp was in plain sight of the captain's residence, but then [illegible] was still a separation; and to lighten this terrible condition it was arranged [illegible] husband and wife should signal to each other often with their handkerchiefs. It was on the second day that the young wife was seated on the porch reading.

"Tell me, Jane," said she, "is the captain still signaling?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the maid.

"Then keep waving your handkerchief. I want to finish this novel."

At the same time, in camp, an officer from an adjoining company stepped up to the captain.

"I say, old fellow," he asked, "why do you keep that man out there all day waving a handkerchief?"

"[illegible], it's merely a bit of signal code practice for him."

* * *

Optimistic.

Among the passengers on a train on a one-track road in the middle West was a talkative jewelry drummer.

Presently the train stopped to take on water, and the conductor neglected to send back a flagman. An express came along, and, before it could be stopped, bumped the rear end of the first train.

The drummer was lifted from his seat and pitched head first into the seat ahead. His silk hat was jammed clear down over his ears.

He picked him[illegible]p and settled back in his seat. No bones [illegible] been broken. He drew [illegible] long b[illegible]htened up, and [illegible]

"[illegible], they didn't get [illegible]"

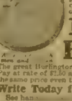
* * *

A War Victim.

"Madam," said the tattered and torn supplicant to the benevolent woman who answered his timid rap at the door, "have you any old clothes you can spare for an unfortunate victim of the European war?"

"I think I have, my poor man, but how can this happen? You cannot have been in this war, surely?"

"No, madam," humbly replied the sufferer; "but my wife has sent all my clothes to the Belgians."



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Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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1,250,000
COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

Don't judge a ham by its canvas cover.

Most of the waiters in a hotel are guests.

Love is a dream; marriage is an alarm clock.

The man who goes thru life on a bluff eventually walks.

Chopping is probably the hardest kind of woodwork.

The easiest way for a girl to catch a husband is by not trying.

People who give themselves away are not necessarily charitable.

Many a man gets his back up like a camel and roars like a lion.

If a man has a wife he always knows what to do with his money.

It isn't always a small matter when a woman puts her foot in it.

It is never too late to blame your mistakes on the other fellow.

The veracity of the woman who tells her correct age is above par.

A man who is completely wrapped up in himself is a bundle of conceit.

Many are willing to give advice, but few are willing to lend assistance.

The reason some people talk so much is because they have so little to say.

After a man marries he soon gets rid of the idea that he's the whole show.

Shortsighted people seem to think all others should look thru their glasses.

When some people do tell the truth it is only for the purpose of creating trouble.

A woman will jump to a conclusion almost as quickly as she will at a mouse.

Men have managed to mount the ladder of fame by hanging on to the coat tails of others.

Some people can travel almost as far on their nerve as others can on an excursion ticket.

The average man is miserable because he spends a lot of his time in making himself think he is.

Experience may be a great teacher, but a man's experience with a woman seldom teaches him good sense.

If a young widow should marry again before the late lamented has resided in the cemetery a year, the neighbor women don't do a thing to her.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

Moire is particularly good for full, straight skirts.

Fashionable women are wearing white from tip to toe.

The fur-topped collar finishes many a one-piece dress.

Little folk are wearing clothes fashioned on Russian lines.

The short full skirt is undoubtedly leader for all occasions.

Long cords and tassels stream from the ends of the round muffs.

Some of the new silks are heavy white crepes with black stripes.

Some of the new fur neckpieces remind one of the shawl collars of years ago.

A frilly basque with cuffs and collars of pleated ribbon is one of the new ideas.

Many new frocks and suits show separate shoulder capes, which can be removed to show a finished dress or suit. On a black suit of velvet such a cape is made of tailless ermine and covers a second cape of the velvet underneath. These are reminiscent of Puritan days.

❦

RECIPES.

CREAMED BACON—Brown bacon until crisp and fry it slowly. Place it on a platter and drain off the grease all but enough to saturate smoothly a good teaspoonful of flour. Slowly add two or two and one-half cups of milk and stir until rather thick, season with salt and pepper, and pour over the bacon. Serve with boiled mashed potatoes.

CHEESE PUFF—Make a cream sauce by blending one tablespoonful each of butter and flour and a cupful of sweet milk; add the beaten yolks of six fresh eggs and six tablespoonfuls of grated cheese (American or Parker House is good) and season to taste with salt, pepper, paprika, etc. Cook and stir until this mixture is thoroly smooth and well blended, then remove from the fire; next fold in carefully the well-beaten whites of six eggs, pour into buttered angel cake tin or baking dish and bake in quick oven twenty minutes. A surprisingly good dish will result, as the mixture will puff up in the oven like a sunshine cake, and the delicate browning of the cheese flavored omelet makes this "cheese puff" a "dish fit for the gods."

BAKED FISH—Clean fish thoroly outside and inside, wipe dry and rub with salt. Fill with stuffing and sew with greased string. Tie or use skewers to shape fish like an S. Cut gashes two inches apart in the sides and place in them narrow strips of fat salt pork or bacon. Place the fish in an upright position on a greased tin sheet and put in meat pan. Put slices of pork or bacon in the botttom of the pan, to furnish fat for basting. Dredge fish with flour, season with salt and pepper and baste every ten minutes. Bake until flesh will separate easily from the bones. Allow about fifteen minutes for each pound of fish.

❦

NEEDLEWORK.

Quite the newest way of making a casing to run ribbon thru is by making a wide catstitch or featherstitch on the outside of the article to be used, and thru this run the ribbon. It holds as well as the old-fashioned way.

A novel way to protect a silkdown puff from soiling on top is to catstitch a piece of muslin twelve inches wide to the top and embroider your monogram or initial in the center. When it is soiled it can easily be removed, laundered and put back again.

One woman sews a small piece of muslin inside a man's shirt to collar band and shoulder seams. This protects the garment from wear of the stiff collars against the material. It is essential that the front piece of muslin should be left loose so that it will not interfere with laundering.

❦

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Dark calicoes should be ironed on the wrong side with irons that are not too hot.

Mashed potatoes will be fluffy if one-half teaspoonful of baking powder is added to the milk put into them.

Take all seeds from one or two grapefruit and thrust into soil of your fern dish, crowding in as many seeds as you can. In a few weeks you will have a very pretty plant.

A good method of cleaning black jet is first brush it free from dust, then apply a little olive oil by means of a brush, then polish with chamois. Care should be taken not to break the jet.

Stale pastry can be made fresh and palatable if sprinkled liberally with cold water and rebaked. Cover when taken out of the oven and serve quickly. This method would be useless in the case of puff pastry.

Cyanide of potassium will remove all indelible inks the base of which is nitrate of silver. Turpentine or alcohol rubbed in hot removes the new inks, using soda and soap freely in hot water afterward.

Furniture has a bad habit of getting finger-marked. And it is a good thing to know that sweet oil will remove all signs of them if the furniture is of the varnished variety. But kerosene is better for furniture which is oiled or waxed.

❦

HEALTH NOTES.

Parsley dipped in vinegar and eaten after onions will prevent the disagreeable odor and taste so often noticeable.

An offensive breath may be the result of stomach trouble, throat disorders, or decaying teeth. Find the root of the trouble, and, if possible, have it removed.

There are certain seductive as well as simulating qualities in an orange, and it is probably one of the most efficacious fruits that can be taken for curing insomnia.

For the hands that perspire apply this lotion first: Cologne, four ounces; tincture of belladonna, one-half ounce. When you have rubbed this in until the moisture is absorbed, powder with orris root or talcum powder.

Use a firm brush when cleaning the teeth. Remove all foreign particles with a piece of dental floss. Twice a year have the dentist scrape away the tartar, which is sure to form in spite of all care.

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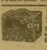

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With the Twelve Apple Trees we will send you full directions for their planting and care. By following these simple, practical directions you will have, in a few years, an orchard that will be a source of enjoyment and profit to you.

The trees are known as mailing size for transportation and transplanting. They will be sent to you by Parcel Post, charges prepaid, in time for planting in the Spring.

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The roots of these Twelve Grafted Apple Trees are carefully packed in absorbent material.

The trees are heavily wrapped and securely tied. They will stand the longest trip by Parcel Post and reach you in the best condition for planting.

They are sent direct to you from one of the largest nurseries in the country, in time for planting in the Spring.

Parcel Post charges prepaid by us, and safe arrival to your mail box guaranteed.

THE FARMING BUSINESS
500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago

The Fairy Corner

GETTING ON.

Dey is some folks always seein'
  Some one else's bes' possession;
Dat's one way to git to bein'
  'Way behin' in life's procession:
Dey keeps watchin' ebbery neighbor,
  Always envyin' an' desirin',
Twel dey don' git time to labor,
  Dey's so busy wif admirin'.

Laik er ol' fool in er waggin
  Wif a lazy mewl hitched to it,
An' dat lazy mewl er-laggin'
  Same's he's skeerce got life to do it
All de white folks spin past, sittin'
  In dey autos, onward strivin',
While he watches, plumb forgittin'
  Fo' to poke dat mewl he's drivin'.

Now, dey ain't no sawt o' knowin'
  How folks 'spects to profit by it,
But along dis road we're goin'
  Dey's a heap o' folks dat try it.
It jes' seems dey ain' no learnin'
  Fo' some people—dis ain't jokin'—
Ef to git somewhar youah yearnin'
  You jes' got to keep on pokin'!

⁂

The Yellow-Green Hound.

Old Ephraim was born a slave in Alabama. When the war for freedom was over he begged to stay as a slave rather than leave the plantation a free man. He did stay, and is there still, tho a very old man, the delight of his master's grandchildren, who never grow tired of his stories. Here is one of them, about the way the yellow-green hound got himself fixed. It was the cunningest trick old rabbit ever did.

That hound lived close by where the rabbit and his wife lived. He couldn't have been more than a pup when he took a notion that he ought to yelp and howl from dark till daylight. Some folks say dogs bark at the moon, but this hound paid no attention ("pertention" is what Eph really said) to the moon. Soon as the light was gone from the sky he began, ooo-oo-ooo-oo, bow-oo-ooo-ooo-bao!

That is the way he began, that is the way he kept going until morning. Now that was disturbing. It grated "right smart," as Eph said, on the rabbit's nerves. It grated a good deal on his wife's nerves, too, but old rabbit, he suffered most.

All thru the balmy spring months this lasted. When the rabbit lay down at night he would just keep thinking of that foolish hound barking at nothing.

If that hound had been a white one, or spotted or black and white, or even a good plain yellow, old rabbit could have stood it better. But to have a lank, dingy, yellowish-green hound breaking his rest night after night was too much. Sometimes the hound would quiet down as if saying something to himself. Then the rabbit dropped off in a troubled sleep; but soon the howl would begin again louder and sadder than ever, waking up the whole country round. When rabbit got up in the morning he felt more tired than when he first went to bed.

One night in June, when the yellow-green hound was doing his worst, old rabbit rolled out of bed and sat on the edge a good while, holding his head in his hands. Then he gave a quick jump and was off before his wife could ask him where he was going. When he came back and his wife asked him where he had been, he said: "Never mind where I have been." She asked him no more questions.

Next night, when rabbit's wife was lying very still, just half-asleep, he popped off again. By and by rabbit's wife heard the hound, and this time the barking seemed to come nearer, and then it seemed to go away. At last she couldn't hear it at all.

After a long while rabbit came back, and then his wife asked him where he had been. He said he had been hunting.

She asked him where was his game and he said he left it outside for safe-keeping.

Old rabbit said: "Do you hear that yellow-green hound?" His wife listened and heard no hound at all, so they both went to sleep.

"Where was the hound, Uncle Eph?" the children always asked at this point in the story. And then Eph has to tell the rest of it:

When old rabbit sat on the edge of the bed with his head in his hand he was thinking something had to happen. So he went out to the woods and looked around till he found a long hollow log, wide at one end, narrow at the other. He tried it and found the small end just big enough to let him thru. Then suddenly he had an idea.

He went back to the yellow-green hound and said, "Howdy!" The hound didn't understand howdy, so he just set out after old rabbit, hippety-clippety.

Now, old rabbit had never yet been caught in all his life, and he surely did not want to be caught by a noisy, yellow-green hound that had kept him awake for months. He ran all he knew, around and around. By and by he thought it was time to head for the hollow log.

You never saw such a race—the hound sure he would catch the rabbit, and the rabbit sure he would not be caught. Then rabbit fell down on purpose (here Uncle Eph made believe almost to fall from his seat) to make the hound run faster, but the next minute rabbit shot into the hole. The hound shot in after him—and stuck fast. And he is there yet!

⁂

WHY SHE WAS SHY.

Every one wanted to know what was the matter with Elizabeth. She had never acted so strangely before. Usually when her mother's friends and relatives came to call Elizabeth would go into the drawing-room sweetly, shake hands, make a little bobbing courtesy, and even pass cakes to the visitors. She had never been shy, and she had never been afraid to speak to mother's friends. But one day there were a number of callers, and mother sent for Elizabeth to come to meet them. Elizabeth went as far as the drawing-room door and then she stopped and began biting the corner of her handkerchief. Mother called to her to come in. Elizabeth went slowly into the room, but when she did at last get to her mother, instead of speaking to the ladies, she buried her face in her mother's skirts and all that could be seen of her were five bobby curls and the back of her best-dress-but-one. Of course that wasn't what the visitors wanted to see.

"Dear me!" said one of them. "How very shy she is!"

"Elizabeth," said her aunt, "come and speak to me. You're surely not afraid of me!"

Still Elizabeth wouldn't come and it was not until every visitor had departed that the mystery was explained. No, it was not shyness that made her hide her face. Elizabeth had been cutting her front hair!

⁂

ENOUGH AT HOME.

"I am so glad that my boy is proving so brave a little man," said grandmother, as she tucked Freddie in bed. "Why, you haven't shed a tear yet over missing the pleasure cruise with father and mother and I'm proud of your courage."

Freddie said nothing at first. But after half an hour, finding that he could not go to sleep with the undeserved praise weighing on his conscience, he called grandmother to his cot.

"Grandy," he said, in a confidential tone, "I guess I'm not so brave after all. You see, I heard Mr. Mason describing his boat to papa, and after he had told about the foresail and mainsail and a lot of other things, he said: 'Yes. I forgot—there's a spanker, too!' I slid out of the room, and after that I didn't care much about going cruising."

⁂

THE WHOLE TRUTH.

Different races have different methods of swearing to the truth.

Christian Gentiles, for instance, when required to bear witness in a law court, swear that they will speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, with hand upon the New Testament.

A Jew, not believing in the New Testament, is sworn upon the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses.

A Chinaman goes thru a quaint ceremony. The formula runs: "To speak the truth, and if not, may our soul be broken like the saucer." A saucer provided for the purpose is presented to the Chinaman, which he is required to break in the presence of the court.

This quaint scene enacted in an English or American court is always witnessed with great interest by all present.

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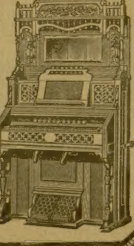

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Ledger's Embroidery Corner

We call the attention of every woman to the beauty of the patterns displayed from week to week, and wish to impress upon each one the splendid quality of material that makes our offer a great bargain in every case. Every offer is complete. You can finish it up without buying anything extra.

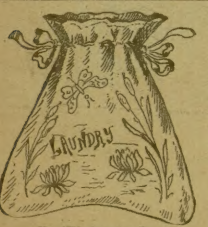
These designs are already stamped on the best quality cloth, and every set comes to you complete, exactly as described.

You are sure to find many articles that you want if you watch the Ledger each week, and it is so easy to get them. Any person can earn one or all of the designs shown by sending us the amount of subscriptions to either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade, required in the description under each article.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade $1.00 a year each; 6 months for 50 cents.

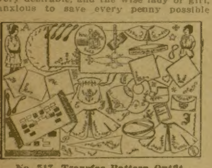
The Blade and Ledger together $1.50 a year (52 issues); 6 months for 75 cents; 4 months 50 cents.



No. 1778, Laundry Bag.

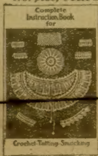
NO. 1778, LAUNDRY BAG.—Stamped on white imported linen, size 25x36 inches, material for back included, with six skeins of colored floss. Given for $1.50 in subscriptions.

NO. 517, TRANSFER PATTERN OUTFIT.—To Readers of the Chicago Ledger: Can you imagine receiving all that is shown here without paying a cent for it? Just ask yourself this one question: How much would an outfit like this cost you, if you were to buy it from any one else? The wonderful popularity of fancy work and embroidery makes an outfit like this very desirable, and the wise lady or girl, anxious to save every penny possible and yet make herself and home attractive, will find here an unheard-of offer. This outfit contains 1 six-inch embroidery hoop; 6 skeins of colored embroidery floss; 1 package of guaranteed embroidery needles; shirtwaist design (front, collar, and cuffs); linen set (collar, jabot, and cuffs); corset cover design; 6 floral designs for underwear; 1 baby cap (2 pieces); 1 baby bib and shoes to match; 1 baby's dress panel; 1 girl's dress panel; 1 picture frame; 1 anchor for a sailor suit; 1 towel end; 1 whisk-broom holder; 12 different floral designs suitable for scarfs, table cover, pincushions; 6 complete old English alphabets; 2 complete script alphabets; 1 complete fancy English alphabet. Also includes illustrated embroidery booklet, with directions for transferring patterns. The Transfer Pattern Outfit will be sent without expense to those forwarding us $1.00 for a year's subscription, new or renewal, to either The Saturday Blade or Chicago Ledger.



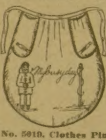
No. 517, Transfer Pattern Outfit.

NO. 5029, COMPLETE CROCHET BOOK—Containing 32 pages of crochet, tatting, smocking—for yokes, edgings, luncheon sets, handkerchiefs, baby-wear, centerpieces, scarfs, bags, etc. Each and every article is fully illustrated and described. So simple are the instructions that you can make any article illustrated therein. If you are doing crochet work, you cannot be without this up-to-date crochet book. As our supply is limited, order at once. This book will be sent you by return mail, with a year's subscription, new or renewal, to either the Blade or Ledger, for $1.00.

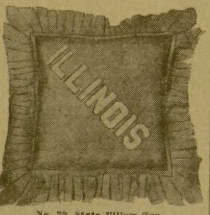


No. 5029, Complete Crochet Book.

NO. 5019, CLOTHES PIN APRON—Can you think of anything more useful on washday than a clothes pin apron? Saves time and labor—no bending of back or carrying of basket. This apron is stamped with a comic design on tan rep, and the three skeins of floss included are sufficient to outline the design. It will be sent for a year's subscription, new or renewal, to either the Blade or Ledger, for $1.00.



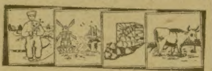
No. 5019, Clothes Pin Apron.



No. 30, State Pillow Top.

NO. 30, STATE PILLOW TOP.—Felt pillow top, with back, size 24x24 inches, double fringe, band or laced border, with the name of any State. Made of wool felt. You can have instead of the State name the name of Mother, Sister, Daddy, Brother, or Sweetheart. Sent for $2 in subscriptions.

NO. 5023, KINDERGARTEN DOILIES—They are always very popular with the little folks, who pass many a pleasant and instructive hour while embroidering them. These doilies are stamped on one piece of material and each doily measures 9 inches square. Included in this offer are one package of needles, six skeins of floss, and an 8-page illustrated embroidery booklet. The set will be given for a year's subscription, new or renewal, to either the Blade or the Ledger, for $1.00.



* * *

Cautious Mr. Brown.

Now that doctors have the reputation of charging outrageously for advice, the following story illustrates a point:

"Well, well," said Dr. Bigbill, as he met a former patient on the street. "I'm glad to see you again, Mr. Brown. How are you this morning?"

"First, doctor," said Mr. Brown, cautiously, "does it cost anything to tell you?"

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Depending on leg-strap or spring trusses—like shown below—is little less than slow suicide. They are almost sure to shorten your life. It's next to impossible to make them hold without hurting.—They are simply a curse to wear.

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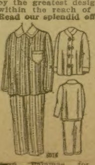
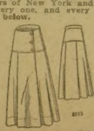


8016 Pajamas for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



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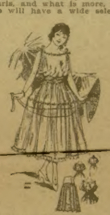
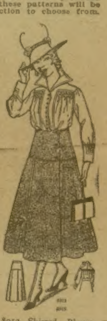


8890 Fancy Bodice for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

8884 Gathered Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



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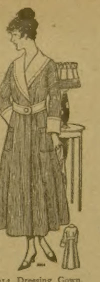

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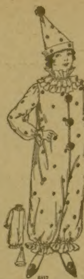

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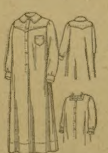
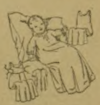


8921 Night Gown with or without Yoke, 34 to 44 bust.



8715 Infant's Set, One Size.

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Spear
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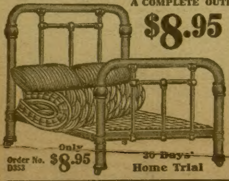
Bed, Spring, Mattress, Pillows

A COMPLETE OUTFIT



$8.95

Send only 50c With Order

This attractive full size Complete Metal Bed Outfit consists of a handsome, perfectly constructed Iron Bed, which may be had in blue, green, or plain white enamel. Size 4 feet 6 inches wide; a very durable, rust-proof steel link fabric spring with heavy angle steel frame; a well made 50 pound cotton top mattress; and a pair of select, well covered feather pillows. We will ship the complete outfit on 30 days' trial. You may return it at our expense if you find it unsatisfactory and your money will be refunded. Price only $8.95 on complete outfit. Special introductory terms, 50c with order. Balance payable 50c monthly.

Order No. D353 Only **$8.95**

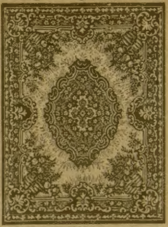
30 Days' Home Trial

A Remarkably Beautiful Tapestry Brussels

Send only 50c with order

Room Rug $11.45

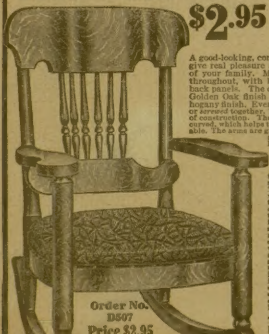
Size 9 x 12 feet



It is difficult to describe in such a small space the merits of this new Tapestry Brussels Rug. It is full 9 x 12 feet in size. The face is made of serviceable wool carpet yarn, closely woven and in an unusually striking pattern. The urns in the corners are of old gold, holding rich dark red roses. The neat medallion center is a wreath of shaded roses and green leaves and the intervening field is a striking French gray shade overlaid with autumn colors. The rich greens and old gold in the outer border help to make the rug most attractive. Our price of $11.45 is exceptionally low and we will ship the rug to you on 30 days' home trial. If it does not please you, send it back at our expense and we will refund your first payment and any money that you have paid for freight.

Order No. D4795. Price, $11.45. Special introductory terms, 50c cash with order; balance payable 50c monthly.

You never have seen a Rocker $2.95 Value like this



A good-looking, comfortable rocker that will give real pleasure and rest to every member of your family. Made of genuine solid oak throughout, with beautifully quarter-sawed back panels. The chair is supplied in either Golden Oak finish or highly glossed rich Mahogany finish. Every joint is carefully *mortised* or *screwed* together. There is no stronger method of construction. The back is high, wide and well curved, which helps to make the chair so comfortable. The arms are gracefully curved and the legs are heavy and strong. The large, roomy seat is covered with exceptionally good brown Spanish Leatherette and carefully upholstered over durable materials and supported by strong, spiral, steel springs. This rocker is a regular $5.50 value which we here offer for the first time at the very special low price of only $2.95. If the chair is not entirely satisfactory when it reaches you, send it back at our expense and we will refund to you at once the first payment of 50c which you have made, as well as the freight you paid. Be sure to state if you want the Golden Oak or Mahogany finish. We guarantee the rocker in both finishes and in every detail. Study the picture carefully. It is an absolutely correct likeness of the chair in every detail.

Order No. D507
Price $2.95

Terms, 50c cash with order. Balance payable 50c monthly.

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